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Both Converted.

Years ago two Christian parents in Sweden were given a little girl baby. When the child was ten, the mother died, and the girl went out into the world. The world seemed very attractive, and the unprotected child was more and more carried away with it.

At fourteen a young girl said to her, 'It is better to have Jesus than the whole world,' and asked her if she did not want him. She did not answer, but the question lingered with her.

But she drifted back to the capital, and to a very gay life, and in a little while down into the deepest sin. She was miserable, and tried again and again to break away from this life, but failed.

She came to America intending to start a new life, but in a few days was leading the same life in America that she had led in the homeland.

She became acquainted with a Polish Roman Catholic, a saloon-keeper, and gambler. They were married. He was cruel, but she loved him.

She bought a picture Bible. She could not read English, but would sit for hours looking at the pictures.

After two long years of this life a young lady from the Bible Institute called upon her and spoke to her about Jesus Christ. She was so happy that she wanted to pay the missionary money, and asked her if anybody gave her anything to go around and do good.

'No, no. I do not want anything. I am very happy in bringing the message.'

The young lady told her what Jesus had done for her, and they knelt and prayed. Three times the new friend called and instructed this anxious soul.

She told it to her husband, but he said: 'It is all humbug. Do not let her in any more.'

The worker was called away to be a foreign missionary, and saw no fruit of her labor. But one night the woman was in great distress. She cried and prayed, and found Jesus. Her past came before her in all its hideousness. Her head fairly swam. She cried, 'O Jesus, I have sinned so much!' and he met her right there.

She began to pray for her husband. Fourteen days after her conversion he came home and wept. She asked him what was the trouble, and he said he had been gambling for a whole week and all his money was gone. He asked her to forgive him. She told him not to ask her, but God, and together they knelt in prayer.

She prayed, 'O take everything away from me, make me as poor as you like, but save my husband.' She felt sure her husband would be saved.

He would not go with her to church. 'If I go to church,' he said, 'I will go to the Catholic church.'

Four days after, he sold everything and went to New York, intending to leave his wife forever. But his wife prayed, 'Do not give him any work, let him suffer until he gets rest in the Lord.'

The prayer was heard. Money was soon gone. He made up his mind to steal. He went to his room, and the thought of his wife and his wickedness came before him. He had been to a Salvation Army meeting, and that troubled him. He fell on his face before the Lord and cried for mercy.

He wrote his wife and soon got word from a companion to return home. He would not believe the English Bible, so he bought German, Polish and French Bibles, and found them all the same. He read Matt. vi., 33, and took hold of that promise. He asked God for work, and got it.

Nearly three years have passed away, and two of the happiest faces in my Bible class every Sunday afternoon are those of this man and his wife.—The Rev. R. A. Tarry.

A Land of Darkness and the Shadow of Death.

(The Rev. A. R. Crawford, M.A., at Kirin, in 'Daybreak.')

A member of the Manchurian church, named Pai-fushan, was publicly executed at Ao-tun-ch'eng, on a charge of robbery. Whether the man was guilty or not it is difficult to say for certain. At any rate the Christians in Ao-tun-ch'eng, one and all, believe in his innocence. When I was there last December, no one knew much about him. He had only been three

JUST BEFORE EXECUTION.

months in the place, and the alleged burglary occurred in a mountainous district over 100 miles off, which is certainly noted for its lawlessness. Since then the Christians have put themselves to considerable trouble to ascertain the facts of the case. A deputation whom they sent saw the plaintiff, who denies that he was robbed. Until we can meet the witnesses and hear their own tale there is little that can be put before a magistrate as evidence. More interesting, though sadly interesting, is what took place at the execution. As the feeling was so strong against the Christians, none of them were present, in fact there was none of the firing of crackers which usually announces that the magistrate is going out to an execution, so that many did not know. Another man was led out with Pai to meet the same fate, a thief who had incriminated Pai as having been his accomplice.

Pai's hands were bound behind his back, and attached to them was a slip of paper, with these words in large characters—'Pai-fushan, Robber and Christian.

As they mounted the cart which conveyed them to execution the thief cursed Pai for bringing this punishment on him, to which he answered that it was even then not too late, if he repented and believed on Jesus. On the execution ground, as well as at the yamen, Pai addressed the magistrate: 'You don't fear Jesus; but God knows whether I am guilty or innocent. I don't curse you, because I believe in the true God.' Then, strange to say, the thief changed front and, addressing the magistrate, said: 'Before I die I must speak the truth. "You" made me incriminate Pai-fushan. He is a good man!' And then the deed was done. The thief's body was buried, but Pai's was thrown away to be devoured by the dogs, while his head was put into a cage and has, no doubt, been sent to the scene of the alleged outrage to be a terror to others. Then, it is related, a miracle occurred. The soldiers' bugles refused, when blown, to emit a sound. I have heard since that a whole family of Christians has been arrested on an old charge of some years ago (the affair having been settled long ago). The father was ill at the time and was left by the roadside after going a few 'li.'

These incidents show that while there is, as a rule, full liberty to join the Christian Church, the spirit of persecution is by no means dead. Yet the work goes on; these persecutions have not been in vain. This is, perhaps, the church in which I have most joy. Last January I was privileged at one time to baptize the first-fruits, fifty souls, belonging to that town and the surrounding villages.

A Mighty Storm in Answer to Prayer.

HEED GOD'S VOICE, AND HE WILL DIRECT YOUR STEPS.

To be in the will of God, and willing to be led by his Spirit, means that your own will is subject to his will. How can we know that we are in his will? Ah, this is made quite plain if we are abiding in him for then the Spirit of the Lord directs our steps and the things that we do are not of ourselves, but he that doeth them.

Have we not heard the still small voice saying, 'Do this,' and whenwe disobeyed, was there not disappointment, and sometimes remorse?

Have we not had premonitions of coming events, which if we had not been prepared for them, would have overburdened us? Have not lost opportunities in service for Christ been followed by regret? Have we not murmured because the way seemed so hard, all our plans were frustrated, and we were left alone in our project?

Has not God on the other hand shown us that, should we have had our way, ruin would have resulted? Surely, all have had this experience in some degree.

A recent experience of the writer only demonstrates the way in which God may lead, in order to bring about his highest will. The day was hot and oppressive; it was the closing day of the week; after arduous labors, great physical pressure resulted, and for a time there was a mental debate as to what was best to do. The thought suddenly burst upon us, rest at the sea shore. Accordingly the train was taken and with the great flood tide of all classes who rush to the most convenient spot from our great metropolis, Coney Island, we found ourselves carried along. But why go to this notorious place where so much sin and iniquity exists and where thousands of people are stranded every year; this will be no rest, with the great mass of humanity surging to and fro in search of pleasure that is all wrong.

These were the thoughts that came quickly, yet here we were on the way; it is now impossible to turn back. On we sped until we reached the seashore. Following up and down the avenues of pleasure, passing down the notorious Bowery, noted for its vileness and degenerating influence, our hearts sank within us as we looked upon the images of God, turned into satanic powers of evil that poison the minds of our young men and women, and degrade the finer sensibilities of their nature to a level with the brute creature. Our hearts cried within us, 'Oh, God, can it be, that such influences should go unchecked and that no counter influence for good should be exerted along this great ocean thoroughfare where nearly one hundred thousand people congregate daily during the summer season.' Again this cry arose, 'Should the wrath of God visit this place what awful destruction would follow.' Scarcely had these thoughts flashed through our minds when our eyes caught the sign that was printed in large letters on the sloped roof of a building, 'Jesus Saves.' Immediately our steps were directed to the spot. Here, within, were seated three men of God. With glad hands we were welcomed with the statement, 'We are going to have a meeting here in a few minutes, won't you stay and help?' Then the thought came, "Who is there here to help?—four of us and all are Christians,' but on second thought we said 'Yes.' It was 'yes' to God. After a few songs by the organist and manager of the hall, the door-keeper and the writer constituting the congregation, the leader said, 'Will our brother lead us in prayer.'

Conscious of the presence of God and his Almightiness we poured out our hearts to him, having just returned from the scenes of iniquity, and reflecting upon the awful end of the wicked we implored God, our Jehovah, to somehow bring in the people, that his Word might reach their hearts, and that results might follow the service. 'Do something to make them know that there is a God; manifest thy power and save the people of this island,' were the words of our prayer. Marvellous as it may seem to our readers, scarcely was the united prayer of the four witnesses for him closed when a terrific storm burst upon us; the thunder, as it were the voice of God, and the lightning flashes seemed to speak of vengeance; and from the crowded streets came pouring into the hall for shelter, men and women of different nationalities. As the darkness was enshrouding the entire coast, the great steamers carrying their loads of human freight, put away from their landings and cast anchor at sea for protection. The rain pouring in torrents accompanied by terrific storm, swept up from their foundations many tents and lightly constructed buildings; among others the tent of the circus ring being torn in shreds. This observed by the inmates of the hall caused consternation and great fear, lest that building also should be torn down; which would have resulted in great loss of life. In the midst of all this fear it was our privilege to speak of the love, mercy and protection of the Christ to his children. Here were gathered the Jew, the Catholic and the Protestant, and as we spoke, all seemed to look up to God for mercy. The calm, quiet spirit, that possessed the speaker in the midst of great danger filled the hearts of all present with assurance of safety; and after the subsidence of the storm all joined in singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and the mixed assembly which never could have been called only under such circumstances, dispersed, never to meet, except perhaps at God's Throne.

Who can doubt the hand of God in this leading? Surely, if we obey his voice he will work wonders to bring to pass his highest will in our lives.—New York 'Rescue and Mission Worker.'

Mr. Wesley and the Porter.

One of the most important incidents in Mr. Wesley's religious experience was a conversation with the porter of Oxford College. The man called at Mr. Wesley's room late one evening and said that he wished to talk with the young student. After they had conversed together for a while, Mr. Wesley, in a spirit of pleasantry, told the porter to go home and get another coat.

The man replied, 'This is the only coat I have in the world, and I thank God for it.'

'Go home and get your supper,' remarked Wesley.

'I have had nothing to-day but a drink of water, and I thank God for that,' was the reply.

'It is late, and you will be locked out, and then what will you have to thank God for?' said Wesley.

'I will thank him,' responded the porter, 'that I have the dry stones to lie upon.'

'John,' said Wesley, 'you thank God when you have nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. What else do you thank him for?'

'I thank him,' returned the poor fellow, 'that he has given me life and being, and a heart to love him, and a desire to serve him.'

Wesley stated afterward that the interview made a lasting impression on his mind, and convinced him there was something in religion to which he was then a stranger.—'Epworth Herald.'

Something More for God.

Charles Spurgeon quotes an incident from the life of C. G. Finney, of world-wide fame, to this effect. A blacksmith, an aged man, living in a godless community, where the church was nearly run out,—a man of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak—as he was at his work in his shop all alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the church, and of the impenitent. His agony became so great, that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door and spend the afternoon in prayer. He prevailed, and on the Sabbath called in the minister and desired him to appoint a Conference meeting. After some hesitation, the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening at a large private house. When evening came, more assembled than could be accommodated in the house. All were silent for a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said, if any could pray, he begged him to pray for him. Another followed, and another, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep convictions. And what was remarkable, was that they all dated their conviction, at the hour when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Then this old stammering man prevailed, and as a prince, had power with God. The wonderful year of grace in Ireland—1859—began with an appeal to a young man to do 'something more' for God. 'Could you not,' said the Rev. Mr. Moore, 'gather at least six of your careless neighbors, either parents or children, to your own house, or some other convenient place on the Sabbath, and spend an hour with them reading and searching the Word of God. The young man hesitated for a moment, but he promised to try. From that trial made in faith, originated the Tannybrake Sunday-school, and in connection with it, two years subsequently, a prayer-meeting, which yielded some of the first fruits of the great awakening.' When we read such an account, we cry, 'O for this something more.' More believing prayer and work as Christ directs! Oh, for this individual effort—leading to the union of men whose hearts the Lord has touched. Then would the mountain flow down at the presence of the Lord. What have single men done? John Davidson, of Prestonpans, alone overtured the General Assembly of 1595 concerning the necessity of reforming the many prevalent corruptions of the church and the country, which being favorably heard stirred the land to repentance and confession of sin. David Dickson, in 1625 at Stewarton; John Livingstone, in 1630 at Sholts; Mr. McCullough in 1742 at Cambuslang; James Robb, in May of the same year at Kilsyth, each enjoyed a wonderful season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord in answer to sound, faithful preaching. In 1839 Kilsyth was again blessed, and the fire lighted there spread over the most part of Scotland. May God light a great fire in our land and the church stand forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.—The Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, Galt.

Your Work.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
—James Russell Lowell.

An Extinct Mineral Spring.

For many centuries mineral springs have been utilized for their curative, healing power. The ancients knew of them and had their favorite springs and baths, to which they resorted when weak of body or feeble of health. We read in the Testament of the Pool of Bethesda, whose waters were troubled twice a year and at these times possessed healing powers of a remarkable nature, which caused them to be sought by thousands, who tramped many miles to drink of and bathe in the waters, receiving therefrom new life, health and strength.

The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's mineral springs their curative virtues come from the rock or mineral ore, through which the water is filtered on its way to its outlet, only a small proportion of the medicinal power in the ore being thus assimilated with or absorbed by the liquid stream. The rock contains that which furnishes the medicinal and healing power, the water serving only as a conveyance to carry but a small part of its properties to the outer world.

Our readers have seen and noticed the announcements of Vitae-Ore, a peculiar mineral formation, and have wondered at the origin of this remarkable product and the source from which it derives its known and established healing powers. This Vitae-Ore is no more or less than a mine of this mineral rock, originally discovered by Theo. Noel, a geologist, while prospecting in the South-west. It was the belief at the time, which has since been confirmed by leading scientists in America and Europe, that the surface on which this magnetic ore was discovered was at some ancient time the location of a powerful mineral spring, compared to which the springs of the present day are but pygmies, which spouted its healing waters, impregnated with the wonderful mineral found at its base, for centuries before the foot of man trod the Western Continent. Some years after its discovery it was decided to give to the world the benefit of this great boon for the world's health, and it is this magnetic mineral ore which has since astounded the people by its marvellous cures, and won everlasting fame and an enduring reputation under the name of Vitae-Ore. Many of the remarkable cures wrought are among the readers of this paper and people well known to our subscribers. Read the announcement in this issue, the Special 30-Day Trial Offer by Theo. Noel, Geologist, Proprietor, Toronto, Ont.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Constant Good Company.

The most charming companion I ever met was a plain little woman, whose life for years had been entirely given up to the care of an invalid demented father, an old man who demanded her constant presence in his darkened room during his waking hours, in the few spare moments she had while going through the usual routine of household duties.

Poor, living in the backwoods, where she never saw any society, she gained a depth of mind and a power of expression far superior to many of her old schoolmates, who had shown greater promise, and had possessed every advantage. Indeed, she was neither 'smart' nor particularly studious at school, but excessively fond of fun, excitement and company.

One day I asked her the secret of the change. She laughed. 'I have been enjoying constant, pleasant company for the last few years.'

I stared, mystified. She drew from her pocket a little quotation book, and, pointing to two quotations, 'My own thoughts are my companions,' and, 'They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.' There were several other quotations written on the margin, and the pages were well thumbed.

She said, earnestly, 'Looking back over my girlhood, I know that there is a fatal defect in the training of our girls; our words, our actions, receive attention; we are given advice and instruction in every point but in our thinking. I did not even have a conception of entertaining myself by my own thoughts; I wanted all the time to be amused by something or somebody outside of myself. Then came that plunge into poverty, sadness, and loneliness; at first I believed I should become insane, then God must have directed me to this little book, too worthless to be sold when our library went. One other quotation chained my mind, "Our thoughts are heard in heaven," and I began recalling my thoughts. How disgusted I was with them! Round and round in a weary rut of repining they had travelled, or, even if not repining, how stupid, how unelevating they had been! From that hour I determined my thoughts should be inspiring companions. When sewing up a seam they should not be, "So long and tiresome, wonder how long before I am done," and so on, over and over again. Why, I would take a little trip while sewing that seam!

'When washing the dishes I discuss with myself different national questions; when I am picking beans I decide whether optimism or pessimism is winning the day; sweeping the room I review the last book I read, or perhaps a book read years ago; every duty not requiring concentration is enlivened in this way.

'Not more than an hour can I ever read a day. Our books scarcely number a dozen, but since I began to think, one verse of the Bible will unfold and unfold, until it blossoms into a wonder-revelation, and I hope bears fruit. Before, I did not take time to wait for the unfolding and fruit-bearing.'

'But I can't control my thoughts,' I objected; 'they will dwell on any trouble or worry I have.'

'Paul tells us that in our warfare our weapons are "mighty to cast down our imagination"; "bringing into captivity every thought"; that promise is a great help when I feel despairing over my wrong thoughts. To keep down the disagreeable ones, to shake myself free from the servitude of daily fretting tasks, I drill myself thoroughly and constantly into meditating on pleasant subjects, just as I would drill my tongue in company to make pleasant speeches.

'Tell the girls you teach and write to how true it is that "The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many as possible," also that this art cannot be learned when the feebleness of age has weakened the control of the mind.'

When she had left me, I remembered she was the only person who had not made inane remarks about the weather. Do you suppose it was because thoughts had occupied her mind, not empty turning of the mental wheels?

If the mill grinds not grist, it will grind itself; if the mind feeds not on thoughts, it preys upon itself, and it is its own destroyer. —'Christian Work.'

A Quarrel and Its Ending

(Nellie A. Vanderpool, in the 'Standard.')

'Well, isn't this considerable of a storm for you to venture out in, father?' said Raymond Searle as he met his father at the door of their comfortable cottage near the heart of one of our large cities.

'It is rather stormy,' assented his father, 'but I miss my walk so much if I do not go out, that I decided to venture for a short distance at least.'

'After all,' said his son as he helped him remove his overcoat, 'I do not know but what you can battle with the storms better than many younger men,' and he glanced admiringly at his father's stalwart form.

Louis Searle, although past seventy years of age, had not retired from an active business life until some few months past, when he relinquished to others the prosperous business which he built up and now lived a quiet, and peaceful life at the home of his only son, who had been married for several years.

The son had inherited the fine physique of the father, and the two were a picture of health and sturdiness as they entered the dining-room just as the noonday meal was announced.

Helen, Raymond's wife, was giving the final touches to the daintily set table and the father noticed that instead of coming to greet Raymond with a loving smile as she usually did, she gave no attention to their entrance, although the father's keen eyes noted a half-defiant expression on the partly averted face. He also noticed the cold, indifferent face of his son and sighed as he sat down in his accustomed place.

'They have had another misunderstanding,' he thought, 'and both are too proud to take the first step toward reconciliation. If they could only'—but here his thoughts were interrupted by a remark made by Raymond about something which had occurred during the forenoon.

Helen did not speak during the meal, and it was with an air of relief that the three arose at the close of the repast and separated, Mr. Searle noticing that Raymond left for his office without the customary good-bye kiss.

That afternoon Louis Searle sat for a long time before the fire in his own room. In his hands he held a picture, which, to all appearances, had been taken many years before. But faded though it was, the pictured face was still winsome and sweet and gave evidence that its owner must have been possessed of much beauty. After looking earnestly for some time at the likeness the old man buried his face in his hands and wept. At last he arose, saying to himself, 'I must tell him and I will before I go to rest to-night,' and he laid the picture carefully away before he responded to the bell for tea.

Tea was partaken of in much the same manner as dinner had been, and when the father and son rose from the table the older man said quietly, 'Have you a little spare time this evening, my son? I would like to have a talk with you.'

Raymond gave a hearty answer in the affirmative, for there was nothing he enjoyed more than a quiet chat with his father, for whom he felt a deep love and respect.

'What is our talk to be about to-night?' he asked laughingly as he entered his father's room a little later; 'I remember the last evening chat we had was about my youthful misdemeanors and the various means you resorted to to teach me to walk in the straight and narrow way.'

The father smiled quietly and they talked about matters of business for some time, for although Mr. Searle took no active part in business affairs, he was still interested in them.

Finally, after a short pause in their conversation, the older man said: 'We have always, my son, seemed to have a deeper affection for each other than most fathers and sons, and I trust you will pardon me if I talk for a short time on a subject which you may think concerns you and your wife alone.'

The son glanced up in surprise and said, 'Certainly, father; say what you wish.'

'I cannot help but notice, being in your own home as I am, that you and Helen often have, we will not say quarrels, but misunderstandings, which are anything but pleasant for either one of you. Yes, I know,' he continued, as he noticed a slight frown on the young man's face, 'that you love each other dearly, and think that you are capable of attending to your own affairs. I do not propose to correct or even advise you, but there is a story of my youth I have never told to human ears I wish to relate to you this evening.'

The son leaned back in his chair, giving a gesture of assent, and the father continued:

'I have often noticed that even when husband and wife cherish a profound respect and affection for each other these little jars occur more or less frequently and are thought but little of after they are over. Indeed, I have often heard it said that lovers' quarrels are worth while because the reconciliation is so sweet. After the experience that I have had I dread to think of those who love each other having these unpleasant times, because——' and here the old man's voice faltered, 'how do they know that there will be a chance to make all pleasant again?'

'You know well,' he resumed, 'that your mother lived but a few months after your birth. We had been married but two short years. We were married for the only reason that the marriage ceremony should ever take place—because we loved each other with a deep and sacred love. Those two years were the happiest I had ever known. But you are also married happily, so I need not dwell on that. I used to wonder sometimes if such happiness could last. I little thought what a sad ending it was to have,' and a look of intense pain appeared on the speaker's face.

'For all that we loved each other sincerely we had once in a while a few unpleasant words. We both worked hard and once in a while after business affairs had gone wrong or after she had done a hard day's work we would be nervous and irritable and would say things for which we would both be sorry a short time afterwards.

'Your mother, I believe, had the sharpest tongue, but she was nearly always the first one to sue for peace, whether she was the most to blame or not. These times were not frequent, and we always said after one had occurred that we would never be so foolish again.

'One night I came home to supper pretty well

tired out. Things had seemed to go wrong all day, and I was completely out of sorts. I remember that the supper wasn't on time, and I said some sharp words about it, which Della resented, saying something bitter in reply. After talking for a few minutes we were silent and said nothing more that night. Breakfast the next morning was partaken of in the same stillness, for I had not slept off my irritation as I usually did.

'But just as I put on my hat to go to the office Della came, smiled archly and put up her lips for our good-bye kiss, saying in a laughing tone, "I'll forgive you, dear." But I was in no mood for reconciliation, and turned angrily away and left the house.

'You can never know, my son, how those words and that smile haunted me. For many years, whatever I was doing, her face seemed to come before me with that same sweet smile and often during sleepless nights I would see those pleading eyes and hear over and over again the words she had spoken and to which I gave no heed.'

There was long silence, and the tears ran down the old man's face as he went on: 'During the forenoon, however, I began to feel very sorry and made up my mind that when I went home to dinner I would be so tender and loving that all would be forgotten. I felt better after that, and even whistled a gay tune as I ran up the kitchen steps. I was surprised to find no fire in the range and wondered if Della had gone out to spend the day. Then I noticed that none of the morning work had been done, and was more than ever surprised, as your mother was a very neat housekeeper. She must have gone to mother's, I thought, and has perhaps left a note for me on the table, as she does sometimes. While I was on my way to the dining-room to see, I heard you crying in the bedroom, so stepped in there. You were lying in your crib, and beside you, on the floor, lay your mother, white and still. In an instant I had her in my arms, calling her every fond name I could think of and imploring her to speak to me. I soon found I could feel no heart beats and then, half dazed, went for her mother, who lived in the next house. I then went for the doctor, although I felt instinctively that he could do nothing. After making an examination he said, briefly: "Internal hemorrhage; I could have done nothing had I been here when it occurred," and he turned and clasped my hand in sympathy, as he had known Della from childhood and was much attached to her.

'I do not know how I got through the next few weeks. All were sympathetic, but they little knew what I suffered, as I told no one that I had left the house in anger the last time I had seen her alive. It has been many years since then, but my sorrow seems ever fresh, although it has long been hidden from human eyes.

'You know now,' he added, 'why it pains me to see those who care for each other have unpleasant times. Of course, what happened in my life may not happen once in a thousand times, but I can never help but think that we do not know what is in store for us and what remorse I would have been spared if that last quarrel had never occurred.'

Raymond was now grasping his father's hand, saying in a tear-choked voice: 'Thank you, father, for telling me this bit of your life's history. You may rest assured that the telling of it has not been in vain.'

A few moments later Raymond entered the library, where his wife was sitting idly before the fire. He could see at a glance that she had been crying, and going to her and taking both her hands in his, he said, quietly: 'Forgive me, dear, for my foolish words,' and the next moment she was in his arms. Then he told her the story his father had just related to him. 'He wished me to tell you,' he said, as he concluded, and kissed away Helen's tears, which had been falling for some time. 'I think it has taught me a lesson which I shall never forget,' he said finally, and his wife, smiling through her tears, said:

'And I, too, will try to always remember it.'

Opportunities in China.

1. Opportunities for evangelistic work. Four hundred and six millions of homogeneous people are open to evangelization. The gates of every city, the doors of almost every home, are open for the missionary to enter.

2. Opportunities for educational work. The greatest need of China to-day is education, and the people of China are looking to the Christian church for help in this respect. The Chinese government is establishing schools in all parts of the empire, but the people prefer to send their children to the Christian schools. In three government schools in Foochow there are less than 150 students, while in one Christian school there are over 300 students. Our high schools are full all the time. The number of day schools is limited only by the number of teachers available.

3. Opportunities for hospitals and charitable work. Innumerable diseases are met on every hand. Our hospitals are full, and the physicians are overworked. Thousands of homeless children need orphanages in which they may be trained. The blind are asking to be taught to read and write. There are widows by the hundreds and whole colonies of lepers are calling for help.

4. Opportunities for publishing houses. Christian literature is in great demand. The mission presses have more work than they can possibly do. A heathen viceroy orders thousands of dollars' worth of Christian literature.

5. Opportunities for woman's work. One of the greatest opportunities lies in the work for women and girls. Husbands not willing to become Christians themselves are willing for their wives to become Christians. Fathers who would not send their boys to a Christian college willingly send their girls to a Christian seminary. They think that woman is so inferior that it matters not what she believes.

Let the church not stand on what it has done, but go forward, entering every one of these open doors, and that with a force large enough and efficient enough to bring this land to God.—The Rev. James Simester, of Foochow, in 'Western Christian Advocate.'

How to Train Dogs.

Dogs, like boys, possess different degrees of intelligence, some learning more easily than others. Some are dapted to one thing, and others to another thing, and so on. Jumping comes natural to a dog. You can teach him to jump by putting him in a corner and holding a stick so that he cannot get out of the corner without jumping over it. Start with a barrier a few inches from the floor, and gradually raise it. After he has learned the trick in the corner, it will be time to teach him over a cane. After he has learned to jump over a cane, he will soon learn to jump through a hoop. Another trick that may be most easily taught in a corner is that of sitting up. A dog will first need some support for his back. To teach him to stand erect on his hind feet you will need to exercise considerable care and patience. This trick you will teach him also in a corner. If he tries to come down on 'all fours' before his lesson is over, tap his chin and the bottom of his forepaws with the whip. When he has learned to stand erect, you can begin to teach him to walk by holding out a piece of meat on a level with his mouth, and slowly backing away.—'Boys of Our Empire.'

A Reverse; or, the Story of a Ruined Life.

(PARTLY FROM FACTS.)

(John Maddison, in the 'Alliance News.')

'Well! well! old chap. I'm right glad to have met you. How are you keeping?'

This was the greeting I, John Maxwell, who had just landed at King's Cross Station, from the country, received from my old friend and school mate, Harry Deacon.

'I'm going to tea with your old friend Bob Burnetti and his little wife Nelly. Can you come with me? They would be jolly glad to see you, I am sure, John.'

To this I replied, 'I should be delighted to see Bob, and do you say he has actually got a wife? Well, wonders never cease.'

'Yes, John, and a model wife she is, and I believe they are as happy as the day is long. You know Bob got promoted to a better crib in Somerset House about six months ago. He now gets a tip-top salary, and with a good little wife he has as comfortable a little home Great Coram Street as anyone could wish to go into. I can tell you they both know how to make a chap at home when he pays them a visit.'

'I'm glad to hear all this about Bob. He always was a good sort, and right well deserves all he gets.'

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We landed at Great Coram street, and had a most hearty reception by Bob and his wife. I found everything just as Harry had told me. The house was most beautifully furnished in the most up-to-date and artistic style, and the 'spread out' at tea was fit for a prince.

In one corner, I noticed, stood one of those fashionable pedestal lamps, having a fancy red shade over it, which gave to the room quite a warm glow of color. There were also some very fine oil paintings and water colors, several of which we learned afterwards had been executed by Bob's wife, proving her to be an artist of no small talent. In another corner of the room stood a costly upright grand piano, and everything indeed gave one the idea that money had not been spared in making that home bright and cheerful.

After tea was over, Bob, who was always considered a crack performer upon the piano, accompanied his wife upon that instrument whilst she sang some of the latest popular ditties. The combined efforts of the couple would have done ample justice to any amateur concert.

Then, after a friendly chat, Bob took us into his new private billiard room, he having only just lately taken up the game; and, after having a friendly contest or two, we departed, after having spent a most enjoyable evening, and hoping that it would not be long before we all met again.

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I am again in the city. It is now about eight years since I visited Bob and his wife, and I find that they have removed from the house in Great Coram street, and left no address, so I may possibly never see them again, unless Bob should write to me, and that is scarcely likely, as he never cared for letter writing.

I had just been doing some business in the Strand near Charing Cross Station, and, just thinking I would have a change—having a little time—I walked down Craven street to the Embankment. After walking along the Embankment some little time I felt rather tired, the sun was very hot, the flags feeling quite warm under foot.

I sat down on one of the iron seats, nicely shaded from the sun by the trees, almost opposite Somerset House, and presently began thinking of past events, when it struck me

that possibly at that moment Bob might be at his post in the huge block of buildings across the road. I thought how I would like to see him and his wife again. I would just write a post-card and address it to him at Somerset House. Then, no doubt, I would get to know his new address, and possibly hear of further promotion and success, to say nothing of another probable pleasant evening that might be spent in their company again.

I took out of my pocket-book a post-card, and with my fountain pen began to write to Bob. Presently I was joined on the seat by a genteel-looking sort of man, who had evidently seen better days, but now looked awfully haggard and worn. He sat down at the opposite end of the seat a few minutes. Then he took out of his pocket a half-empty pipe, moved towards me, and asked if I could oblige him with a light. This I did, and at the same time offered him my tobacco pouch to fill up his nearly empty pipe from. For this he thanked me most profusely.

I began to feel an interest in the man, so I asked him if he was out of work, or had he been ill? 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'I am both; my history is a sad one; but perhaps you would rather not hear it, sir.'

I replied that I would very much like to hear his story, and if I could assist him any way I would be most happy to do so. The poor fellow said, 'Thanks, very much, sir. I am not used to anyone taking an interest in me now. That luck's changed. Once I had friends by the score—at least I thought they were friends when I was prosperous, but they have all turned their backs on me now that I'm down in the world.' Here he brushed away a hot tear or two that were running down his weather-stained cheeks. 'Well, sir,' he said, pointing across the road to Somerset House. 'I once held a responsible post in that establishment over the way, and had the brightest possible prospect before me that ever a man could have, and would eventually have been pensioned off. But things took a turn. I was happy myself with the best and cleverest little wife in the world, and I liked to see—what I thought then—my friends happy also. I took up billiards at home as a hobby; then followed company, drinking, late hours, gambling, and then, worst of all, sir, I neglected my duty to my employers, and, after repeated warnings, at last came the awful blow—I received my discharge. Then followed trouble after trouble. My household goods were sold to get the necessaries of life and to satisfy my everlasting and ever-increasing thirst for drink. Then my wife left me. I had no home, I was penniless and without a friend in the world, and, what is more, without a character. I have wandered hundreds of miles since then vainly trying to get another situation, but all to no use. My age and my appearance are both dead against me, sir! They want young, sprightly, clear-headed fellows now-a-days, in business establishments, not a hopeless wreck of a man like me.'

For a moment he completely broke down. Then he pulled himself together with an effort to resume his sad tale.

I asked him how he managed to get money to live on, and also where he put up at.

He replied to these questions that he occasionally got a trifle by addressing envelopes for business houses at about one shilling and sixpence per thousand, and similar other little jobs. 'Then when I have the money and the crave for drink is not on me I go and get a bed at Rowton House; at other times I walk the streets all night, getting a sleep as best I can during the daytime. Sometimes in the Green Park I lay on the grass in the shade of some tree, and at other times I dose over on one of the seats in some of the public squares. But when the crave for drink comes over me every penny I can get, either by fair means or foul, goes for whiskey. When I feel the cursed craving thirst, mania, call it what you like, sir, I really believe if I saw a man in front of me with a bottle of whiskey I would not stick at taking his life to obtain possession of the fatal stuff, the passion is so very strong. I feel utterly powerless to resist it. My one desire is for more whiskey, more whiskey.'

Then I said, 'What about your wife? Do you see her at all?'

'Yes, sir; occasionally we meet, but it's generally when I have drink in me. Then I would take from her the last hard-earned penny she had to satisfy my everlasting, maddening thirst.'

'How does your wife, live, then?' I asked.

'Well, sir, she can sing a bit, and she goes round to the public-house bars; at other times she gets a trifle by sewing or other light work. She can almost turn her hands to anything.'

I gave the poor chap a few shillings, and wished him better luck, and strongly advised him to try and have a stronger will, and make up his mind never to touch drink again as long as he lived, seeing all the ruin it had wrought in his case. As we shook hands he seemed quite overcome and unable to speak; then he let go of my hand and sunk down on to the seat and buried his face in his hands—he was so unused to a kind action or a kind word from anyone now.

As I went on my way, feeling much sadder after hearing this poor fellow's sad story of reversed circumstances and the change that had been wrought by drink, I wondered if it was possible for a man like that, even if he gave up drink, to ever regain his former station in life. I am afraid not. It is the old story over again. A good name is hard to make and harder to keep, but a bad name is easily earned and very, very hard to get rid of.

I also wondered to myself whether I had really done this poor fellow a good turn after all in giving him money. What use would he put it to? I hoped to God that he would not spend it in that cursed drink, perhaps causing him to get into further trouble and disgrace—if it was possible to touch lower depths.

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A few days after the episode with the poor fellow on the seat I was again on the Embankment, and, naturally enough, the whole affair came back to my mind quite fresh again. I had also to-day had my post-card to Bob returned with 'not known at Somerset House' written on it in red ink. I sat down to think the matter over. What could have come of poor Bob. Surely he had not died. No, he must have got a better post elsewhere; at any rate, I heartily hoped so.

It was a grand moonlight night. The atmosphere and stillness seemed quite refreshing after the hot, sunny day in all the bustle and stir of the busy streets of London. Big Ben had just boomed forth the hour of eight, and the faint strains of a military band playing—I supposed in the Embankment Gardens—some lively march, all went to make up a most delightful evening. How peacefully still everything seemed at that moment! Yet possibly at a mere stone's throw distance all might be just the reverse. Drink might at that very moment be causing serious trouble—yes, possibly bloodshed and even murder. Then I remembered how very close I was to the great black River Thames, with its great expanse of water, and of the many sad tales of ruin, murder, and suicide it could unfold had it the gift of speech for a few moments. Feeling depressed with such thoughts I got up from the seat to walk further in the direction of the music to see if that would brighten me up. Just then the stillness was broken by voices a little way off. They appeared to be those of a man and woman who were quarrelling. Higher and higher their voices rose, until they were drowned by the noise of a passing motor hansom. All at once there was a scream. The motor car had stopped, and all seemed excitement. So I hurried up to find out the cause of this sudden change in events. I was horrified to find that a poor shabby-genteel sort of a woman had been run over by the motor hansom which had just passed me. Luckily it had as its occupant a doctor on his way to some urgent case. But something worse awaited his examination. The poor woman was already dead, her neck having been broken. A policeman and a few passers-by had collected by this time. Suddenly, on hearing the doctor's verdict, a man standing close to me threw up his arms and shouted, 'Oh, my God! I've killed my poor Nell, my poor wife,' and then deliberately ran across the road and jumped over the Embankment parapet before anyone had time to realize what was taking place. There was a sickening splash, then all was still. We looked one at the other in this very small crowd, but were spellbound; everything had happened so suddenly.

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The body of the poor woman was taken to the mortuary, and that of the man was found next day. I was one of the witnesses at the double inquest, and was horrified to find the poor fellow who had come to so sad an end was the same who had confided to me only a few days before his life's story.

It appeared by the evidence given that both the man and his wife were known to the police, who had several times parted them when quarrelling in the streets. On the night of the accident, it was thought that the poor woman had refused to give her husband more of her money, and suddenly turning around ran across the road to get away from him, when she was so cruelly and fatally knocked down by the motor hansom.

The man, it was stated, had been discharged from a very good situation through drink some years before, and had gone from bad to worse ever since. When his mad drinking spells came on he would drink every penny he could lay hands on. His wife, when they met, knowing the harm it was doing him, would try her best to persuade him not to have any more, at least, just then, and she would try to put him off with all kinds of excuses so as to get off giving her hard-earned money. This was the cause of their occasional quarrels, and, no doubt, had resulted in the sad, untimely death of both of them.

I asked if the man's name was known, and was told by the police officer that he generally went by the name of Bob, but from papers found on the body—one a discharge from Somerset House—it appeared his name was Bob Burnetti!

As I heard the name Bob Burnetti I felt a sickly feeling come over me. Everything for a moment whirled around, and I nearly fell, the shock was so great. Could this possibly be my old friend and school-mate? Impossible! It could not be the same after all. I looked again at the bodies as they lay there so peacefully; then I began to trace some resemblance to the bright and happy couple I had spent such an enjoyable evening with at Great Coram street some eight years before. But what a change! Was it possible that so few years had wrought this awful transformation!

I asked to see the papers that had been taken from the man's pockets. These were handed to me. I had glanced over two or three old letters when I came across a torn, dirty envelope. I opened it to see what it contained, when I exposed an old faded photograph of poor Bob, Harry Deacon and myself. Here was proof positive. What an ending to such

an exceptionally bright prospect—disgrace, poverty, murder (unintentional), and then suicide.

Uncertainties of Chinese Friendship.

How far can missionaries rely upon Chinese protestations of friendship? That is a question the missionaries themselves might find difficulty in answering. Of course half a loaf is better than no bread. The friendly calls and gifts of officials, and the kindly attentions of the common people may not mean everything, but they mean something, and are to be taken for what they are worth.

The following experience of Mr. and Mrs. Goforth is a reminder of the uncertainties of Chinese enthusiasm. Having arrived at Chu Wang by boat, they started by cart for Chang Te, and then Mrs. Goforth writes: 'We came to a large village at the farthest end of which a Chinese theatrical was in full swing. It was held in the open, quite close to the road, and the crowd of spectators were partly on one side and partly on the other side of the road. I was in the first cart with the carter, a Chinese boy, Helen and baby, and Mr. Goforth was in the second cart with Ruth and Wallace. Everyone was so engaged in watching the performance that my cart was nearly through the crowd before the cry was raised: "The foreign devils!" My carter whipped up his animals the instant he saw the people making a rush toward us, but some managed to run ahead for quite a distance. Fortunately I never once thought of any danger. I only thought the people were curious, and both Helen and I laughed to see how they tumbled over each other in their haste to catch a glimpse of us. We had been going at a pretty quick pace for a quarter of a mile when we reached the bridge, a very shaky thing at best, made of stalks and mud, and I was surprised to find the carter still keeping up his quick-pace in crossing the bridge and for some distance beyond. Then it was that Mr. Goforth caught up and came to my cart to tell what had happened. It seems the crowd, disappointed at failing to get at my cart, turned to surround Mr. Goforth's. In a moment clods of dirt were being pelted freely at them, and things became serious. More than one attempt was made to drag Mr. Goforth off the cart. At this juncture the carter lashed up his animals. The crowd followed, crying out, "Kill! kill!" and "Run them into the river!" This was the greatest danger because of the frightened mules and narrow bridge. The bridge was crossed in safety. You can imagine how grateful we were to a Merciful Father for another deliverance.'

When it is remembered that this took place on the road between Chu Wang and Chang Te, the field of operation for years, it is not reassuring. Nevertheless, on the whole, conditions have improved, and China is yielding to outside forces. It may be a long time before these influences will reach the remote village life, but even that is only a question of time.

The Rev. W. Harvey Grant writes 29th of September: 'We have had several interesting inquirers come to us lately. Two days ago four young men from around the city eighteen miles north of here came. One of them had heard the Gospel five years ago, and had quite an intelligent grip of the truth. The others came for the first time. They were all able to read and bought a considerable number of books. I shall visit them in their home as soon as possible.

'We lately had an interesting case of a doctor and his family who live about fifteen miles south of here. They heard the Gospel at the Hui Hsien fair last spring and were impressed, bought a New Testament and several other books and when the Helpers visited the village a month ago, the doctor bore a splendid testimony for Christ before his fellow villagers. There are several other encouraging cases. The work is surely being blessed.'—'The Presbyterian.'

One Brave American Girl's Work in China.

(The 'Christian Herald.')

Nineteen years ago, Miss Mary Fulton, equipped with a fine medical and surgical education, filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice and a consuming desire to help humanity, left her home in Indianapolis for Canton, China. To-day, as a result of her energy, she is at the head of the David Gregg Hospital, the Pierson Dispensary, the Woman's Medical College, and the Nurses' Training School, all in one compound in that heathen city.

The raising of the funds and the erection of the buildings are due to her efforts. She planned and equipped them, and now she personally supervises the entire work of each. Not only this, but, after mastering the language herself, she translated into Chinese all the books used in the medical college, and we know that text-books of this character demand absolute accuracy.

This medical college is the first established for Chinese women. The building was the gift of one man, at Winona Lake, Ind., who, in the summer of 1900, sent Dr. Fulton $4,000 in gold (which brought $8,000 in the Chinese money), instructing her to withhold his name from the public. The house was formally opened in December, 1902, by the United States Consul, and so great was the interest of the people, that native officials, from the Viceroy down, attended, and a special guard of five hundred soldiers was sent by the government to grace the occasion.

The work of instruction had already begun, and thirteen young women have since been graduated and are now practising physicians. They are held in great esteem by their countrymen, who feel that a woman conforms to the highest ideas of Chinese proprieties by becoming a doctor or nurse. Besides, the cures wrought in the hospital seem miraculous to the superstitious, and command intense admiration from all classes. Hence Dr. Fulton is constantly besieged with applications from families of the highest caste, and, having practically her choice, she selects girls of the finest intellect and physique for her students. As physicians, she declares they cannot be excelled, and they have long patience and quiet dignity.

The hospital was dedicated in April, 1902, and has been overfull ever since. All of these buildings are strictly modern throughout. Everything in and about them is considered beautiful by the Chinese, so beautiful, that patients plead to be allowed to spend the rest of their lives there.

Both the hospital and the Medical College are entirely self-supporting, although many free beds are maintained by Dr. Fulton's loving friends in this country, and the convalescing ward of the woman's department is supported by a band of young ladies in the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, called the 'Mary Fulton Society.' For fifteen years this society has never failed to send the money pledged for the work. The patchwork quilts upon the hospital cots are made of Indianapolis scraps. In return, the society is constantly receiving letters and curios from Canton that keep the members in close touch with the cause they love. Among their treasures are several idols that have been worshipped by many generations, but are now discarded for the God of the Bible; ancestral tablets held in priceless value in China, and many articles both interesting and antique. These lend interest to their meetings, and are often used for illustration in junior societies and the primary department of the Sunday-school.

Large as is Dr. Fulton's field, the humane and civilizing medical work is not all, nor even the larger part. Souls are healed as well as bodies. In the same compound are the Theodore Cuyler Church and the School for Chinese girls, both of which are the special care of her brother, the Rev. A. A. Fulton.

Mark Guy Pearse, the Great London Preacher.

SOME OF HIS ENTERTAINING STORIES.

(The 'Ram's Horn.')

If you recall the sensation which a flood of sunlight gave you as it poured into a darkened room you will understand the impression which Mark Guy Pearse gives an audience when he appears before it. When he walks onto the platform you would imagine he was an Anglican bishop who had forgotten his gown. His face is strong, glowing and bright. He is dramatic. His movements talk. He puts out his hands, and the audience is as silent as death. He folds his arms and throws his head back, and in a moment he bends forth, looks into the face of the audience and makes a declaration that is thrilling and powerful. If we did not know him for a preacher of righteousness whose spoken and written words endear him to a multitude the world over, we might say he had missed his calling and that he should have been an actor.

Mr. Pearse is a Cornishman. In his boyhood he watched the 'stamps' of the Camborne mines; he climbed the furze-clad granite of Carnbrea; and at times he heard the thunder of the Atlantic breakers on the northern coast of his native country. It was amid such surroundings that he absorbed so much of local color which gives his characters in his stories and sermons and poems their quaintness and charm.

The warm-hearted Methodism of that part of England early claimed him for its service and he entered on circuit work in his twenty-second year. This he continued until 1886, when, as he was preparing to spend the rest of his days in his beloved Cornwall, preaching and writing, he received a letter from Hugh Price Hughes asking him to join in the great work he was beginning in the West End London Mission. 'You would edify the saints,' he wrote, 'and I would pursue the sinners.' Mr. Pearse finally accepted the call and entered on this work with all his heart. The union of two such great souls for the salvation of that part of London continued until the death of Mr. Hughes.

Early last winter Mr. Pearse resolved on a tour of the American continent, first through Canada and then back through the United States. It was on his return that he spent a few days in Chicago, where thousands were privileged to see and hear him. Among the stories he related there was none more interesting than one telling what led him to become a minister:

There is always one, ever since I began to talk this homely talk of mine who has the first place, and this one I always have to begin with. This was 'Old Rosie' — she who made me a minister.

'"Old Rosie" was 105 years old, so she said. She had loved the Lord Jesus Christ with a conscious sense of his love to her ever since she was a little maiden of eleven. She had loved him all the days of her life. When I knew her she was brimful of love, her blue

eyes beamed with love, her lips were parted to breathe messages of love, her touch thrilled you with love. Whenever I think of "Old Rosie" the sun always shines, the skies are the deepest blue. There is the song of the cuckoo and the ringing music of the lark and the piping of the thrush and black-bird and every bird that sings when I think of her. The primroses that grow near the hedge, the little peeping violets, the honeysuckle, the foxglove on the banks of the forest and every flower that blooms is at its sweetest when I think of her. We lads and maids never knew her except to call her "Old Rosie."

'Down three fields I will take you to her—come with me. Whenever I think of those fields they are always golden with the buttercups and silver with the daisies, and there where it sloped away to a marshy bed were the daffodils nodding their golden heads in the soft South wind. Because it was Sunday the horses came out and laid their heads on the top bar gate too tired to swing their tails to drive the flies away.

'There stood three little houses—the one in the middle was smaller than the others, it seemed to be squeezed in and stood a little farther back, and it always seemed to me like the little lad of six who said, "Please, may I come in here—I am very little and I won't be in anybody's way, you know." The place was not big enough to have a garden, and yet roses and jessamine grew about it and around the roof there were all sorts of wonderful wild flowers. It was not big enough to have a window either side of the door, but had a single pane of glass just above the door which just brought the light of the blue sky down upon you. There was no use knocking at the door, for there was nobody there to open it if you did. You put your finger through a round hole and lifted up a little wooden latch, or if you liked you might take hold of the latch-string and pull it, but you must be grown up to do that—the little children were too small. Then you would go up about six steep stairs, and there, propped up with her pillows, I would see her sitting. Always in bed, with a little white cap on her head, her face was like a picture set in a frame. One little white curl crept out and lay upon her rosy cheek.

'"Come in, come in," she would say. In we would troop, my father, mother, three girls and myself. I was put down on a little stool near "Old Rosie," where she could hold my hand. We always sang the same hymn, same tune, "Rock of Ages." "Old Rosie" said, "The little lad can sing that." Then my father read a chapter, always the same chapter, 103rd Psalm, partly because it was his favorite, but mostly because it was "Old Rosie's" favorite, and then she prayed and before he pronounced the benediction "Old Rosie" prayed. I did not like her prayer a bit. I wished she would not pray that prayer. With her face upturned, her parted lips, her eyes aglow, her hand uplifted, this is what she would say,"God bless the little lad, bless him now and please, Lord, do make him a preacher, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen." I did not want to be a preacher, I wanted to be a doctor. I was but six years old. I waited until I got outside and then I said, "I wont be a preacher."

'One day we had been to see her and as we were coming away she held my hand and kissed me tenderly. "Good-bye," said she. "Good-bye, dear 'Old Rosie,'" said I. They were going, and I was quite frightened at being left behind. "Good-bye," she said and held my little hand. Then the tears came streaming down her face and she said, "I suppose I shall never see you any more." "Why not?" said I—my heart was on fire for an instant.

'The first great gold fever had broken out in this America of yours in 1848 or '9 and everybody was making his fortune, and everybody with whom "Old Rosie" had lived had gone and left her. "Old Rosie" must go to the workhouse.

'You don't know what the workhouse is, and thank God. We have not a parish in England that hasn't its workhouse. I knew the outside of the workhouse—people said that was the best side to know. It was covered with blue slate and always looked blue. I wanted to have a free kick at the universe to think that that was where "Old Rosie" was going. It took a good deal to spoil my appetite, but that day it was. My elbows were on the table, (where they should not have been), but the knuckles were wanted to keep back the horrid tears that would come creeping down my cheeks. I cried myself to sleep that night and woke up in the morning crying and then I washed the marks away and began to cry again. Then I had to go to school and learn English history, but there was only one character in the history to me and that was the dear old soul who was up in a little room. Then I took up my Latin grammar, and all I could do was to put my hands behind my back and say, "Rosa, Rosæ, Rosie." It was all form and at last when the clock struck twelve I bounded home and said to my father, "Is she gone?" My father smiled.

'Oh, I did not like to smile, I hated the sun for shining. I hated the birds that chirped, I hated the flowers that bloomed and the people that went laughing and talking about the streets. How dare they, as if there was nothing dreadful in the world, and there "Old Rosie" was going to the workhouse? I wanted to die then. "Why my lad," said my father, "it's all right, everything is all right," (and everything was so dreadfully wrong), "she has gone home."

'I said, "Home! you know she had no home to go to but the workhouse."

'"It is all right my lad," said he. "They went this morning to call her, 'Rosie, Rosie!' and she did not answer, and they came near her and touched her. 'Rosie,' they said, but she was dead. But no," said my father, "she is not dead, my boy. God sent his angels and took her, took her home to the Father's house." And I loved God for taking "Old Rosie" home, and thought how beautiful it was that she was not up there in the workhouse in her suit of blue, but she was up there in the Father's house all white-robed and golden-crowned, and I thought I heard her singing amongst the angels of Heaven, for Heaven was but such a little way off in those days. I waited till everybody was out of sight and then I said, "Praise God, I don't care so much now if I am a preacher, if it will make 'Old Rosie' happy." So I came to think I should be a preacher some day, and now I want you, as you sit and as you think of each one of your old folks at home, to join with me in singing the old hymn, to that old tune of long ago, "Rock of Ages."

'And as we think (not sadly) we must go to meet those who have gone before, our loved ones, let us sing very softly the last verse.'

Mr. Pearce's view of holiness is that it makes husbands come home early to their waiting wives and tea, workingmen give the lion's share of their wages to their wives on Saturday night, and everybody tender to little children, compassionate to the prodigal, and lovingly ministrant to the aged, the sick, and the dying. In a word, it is the homely commonplace virtues upon which the emphasis of his preaching falls. His is not a strenuous religion of agitation and reform, but a gentle ministry of comfort and good-will. This was shown in another Chicago address when he said:

'I remember when I was a little lad I used to go to the homes of some of our people. They were great old cottages, with big fireplaces and mantels and upon the mantel-piece could be seen an ornament. This ornament was a young gentleman with golden hair, tied up with blue ribbons, with a flower-covered waistcoat and silk breeches and stockings. He leaned up against a green tree that had a brown trunk, and three white sheep stood nearby. At the bottom was the title, "The Shepherd," and I said to myself, "What a funny Shepherd." Most of us are apt to make an ornament of Christ, the great Shepherd, and to hold him up only for Sunday use. He is a man of life, a man who can go after lost sheep. Make him real, make him real, dear friends.

'Then the next mistake was the three white sheep. I knew that sheep were dirty, greasy things, that had no poetry in them. We think that the blessed Lord Jesus has come into this world to save sinners, but some think he has come to save beautiful sinners, sinners that come to church. I often hear folks talk about the Lord's dear people. Did you ever see them? I have, just once, and never want to see them again. Where are they? On a church window, with their hands clasped, face upturned and sweet smiles on their faces, and dressed beautifully. They have no flesh or blood in them. Christ is a Saviour of real men and women and came to save sinners. Christ never called himself the Carpenter.

'I have said to myself, "What is it about the shepherd that made it so dear to the heart of the Lord Jesus?" The first is possession—I know my own and my own know me—ownership. Then comes ministry. The nearest thing to a mother amongst men is the shepherd. The shepherd is all tenderness and ministry. Christ could hardly be called "Mother," so he called himself the "Shepherd." He mothers the lambs.

'I have often been wandering over the Scotch hills and away from the haunts of men, but I always find one man, he is the shepherd. So we ought always to have our Shepherd with us. Some say he is up in Heaven. He is no good to me if I cannot always have him near. Bring him down.'

'Some years ago in Scotland far away up amongst the hills on one Sunday I was going towards the Presbyterian church and there were shepherds gathered outside the church, shepherds with blankets tied about them. Up came the minister and said to me. "You preach to my people to-day." I said, "With all my heart." Taking up the Bible I asked, "What shall I preach about?" "Well," said he, "don't preach about sheep, because these fellows know all about them, and if you make a mistake they will catch you." I said, "Bless the Lord, I am not afraid of making mistakes! The man who never made a mistake never made anything. Don't you think if the Lord Jesus Christ were here to talk he would talk about sheep?" I went in and told them just what the minister had said. I then took up the 23rd Psalm and when I had finished my service one of these shepherds came to me and said, "I would like to tell you a story." I said, "I would love to hear it."

'"Well, it was about a dear little shepherd lad. One day a minister climbed up among the hills and finally reached the little lad and sat down by his side. He said to the boy, 'Do you know the 23rd Psalm?" He said that he knew it quite well. 'Well,' he said, 'there are just five words in it, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and there is one of those words which you can say, and if you can say it you can say all, that word is "my." I want you to put your finger on this one so, and both hands on your heart and say, "The Lord is my Shepherd."' The little lad did so and the minister prayed with him and went his way. A few days after the minister climbed the hills and knocked at the door of the little hut where the lad lived and inquired for him, but the little lad was dead. The dear lady drew back the sheet and there were his little fingers all

clasped rigid in death, so that they could not be separated, and both hands were over his heart."'

Epigrams from Mark Guy Pearse.

The devil can't laugh—poor devil!

Everything is figurative in the Bible that you don't like.

The only way to keep religion is to give it away to other people.

People are dying from being overfed and underworked religiously.

The church of the people in the future is the church without pew rent.

If I were beginning my life over again I would take a header among the people.

I knows lots of preachers who are not ministers; yes, lots of ministers who are not preachers.

The socialism of hate can only be removed by the socialism of the Lord Jesus Christ, the socialism of love.

The higher the life the greater the rottenness. It takes religion to make the easiest and most sanctimonious selfishness.

I prefer socialism that wants to get everything up that is down, to socialism that wants to get everything down that is up.

Making Most of Leisure.

Too much cannot be said of the value of the hours which most men waste. One of the prime qualities of a man of force and ability is his clear understanding of what can be done with the time and tools at his command. Such a man wastes no time in idle dreaming of the things he would do if he could go to college, or travel, or have command of long periods of uninterrupted time. He is not guilty of a feeble evasion of 'no possibility' for his career by getting behind adverse conditions. If the conditions are adverse, he gets in front of them and so gets away from them. Conditions look very solid and formidable, but a plucky man often discovers that their portentous show of strength is a sham, and that the great guns which frown upon him are merely wooden imitations. Everything yields to a strong hand.

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence, and educational opportunities; the question is what he will do with the things he has. The moment a young man ceases to dream or to bemoan his lack of opportunities, and resolutely looks his conditions in the face, and resolves to change them, he lays the corner stone of a solid and honorable success.

A young man who ceases to dream about the things he would do if he had plenty of time, and plans the things he will do with the time he has, may go slow, but he will go far.

Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that, by using in a continuous way the time he spent on ferry-boats and railway trains he might have a good deal of leisure. This leisure was made up of half and quarter hours at the beginning and end of the day,—the odds and ends of time which most people regard as of no account. Taking them separately, they are of little account; putting them together, by treating them as a whole, they furnished a fine opportunity for the liberal education of a young man of business. This young man saw the uses of these odds and ends of time if he could treat them as a whole. That was really a very simple matter, though multitudes of people have never found it out. To utilize these hours and make them as valuable as if they formed a continuous period of time, it was only necessary to make a little plan of work, and to have the material in hand so as to turn every quarter of an hour to account.

This young man wanted to know German. He bought an elementary grammar and phrase book and some simple German stories. He kept a book in his pocket, and, when a spare quarter of an hour or a half hour came, he studied the book. It was not difficult, and in a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading simple German, and from that point his progress was rapid, and the pleasure of the occupation steadily increased. In less than a year he had German so well in hand that he began to study Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure hours; he found it very enjoyable, and every language learned was an open door to more enjoyment. In a few years he was reading German, Spanish, French and Italian easily and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid, and he had secured a very important and lucrative position in a great organization. His studies had not only given him an education, but they had also conduced to his success in practical affairs by the quickening and training of his mind. This is but one among thousands of similar achievements.—'Success.'

Prayer for Weekdays.

In an old psalm there is a prayer that is most fitting for the morning of a busy weekday. It is not new; but human hearts change not, human needs are the same in all centuries, and therefore this prayer, which no doubt brought blessing to a struggling life when first offered long ago, may bring blessing into struggling lives in these modern days. The prayer runs thus:

Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning;
For in Thee do I trust;
Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk;
For I lift up my soul unto Thee.
Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies;
I flee unto Thee to hide me.
Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God;
Thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.
Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake;
In Thy righteousness bring my soul out of trouble.

If we make this prayer our own, it will bring blessing and peace into our hearts through the most troubled weekdays.—'Sunday Companion.'

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A Christian mother for more than two years an invalid, lay upon her bed weary and weak. One day her son who had been long absent came to her and sat by her side, and once again enjoyed the sweet companionship of her love. As they talked together of many things of interest to each and spoke of that comfort which comes from the promises of God, the mother said, 'Read again that psalm, those beautiful words. Oh, you know—I cannot recall them now.' 'Do you mean,' said he, 'these words, "The Lord is my Shepherd"?' 'O yes,' she interrupted, 'The Lord is my Shepherd—and that—is—all—I want, that is all—I want.' She had given a new meaning and a new beauty to the psalm. She knew what the promise meant, and had learned the secret by which she could say, 'And that is—all—I—want.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of April 30, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Drink in England—Growing Political Power of Bung the Brewer—Special Correspondence of the New York 'Evening Post.'
The Anglo-French Agreement—English, French and American Opinions.
Canadian Preference and British Trade—The 'Standard,' London.
The Canadian Currency System—By J. W. Johnson, F.C.A., in the 'Business Man's Magazine,' Detroit, Mich.
The Personal Issue in the American Presidential Campaign—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Battleship 'Missouri' Disaster—The 'Scientific American.'
Christianity and War—The Peace Society's Appeal—The 'Daily News,' London.
Tolstoi on the Present War—Translated from 'Le Figaro,' for the New York 'Evening Post.'
Will Russia Use the North-East Passage? By Fred. T. Jane, author of 'All the World's Fighting Ships,' etc., in the 'World's Work,' London.
How the State of Nepal Contributes to the British Army—From a Letter by William E. Curtis, in the Chicago 'Record-Herald.'
Ex-Queen Isabella—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Official Picture Post-Cards—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

History of Leonardo da Vinci's Great Picture—The 'Standard,' London.
The Pope's Mass—Gregorian Centenary—Musical Critic of the 'Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

To Chopin—By Ethel Clifford, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Age—Poem, by Margery Browne, in 'Splashes,' Sydney Australia.
Mr. Bliss Carman and the First Stirrings of Spring—The 'Athenæum,' London.
Louise Michel: Poet and Revolutionist—By N. F. Dryhurst, in the 'Speaker' London.
Spencer's Autobiography—The 'Nation,' New York.
The Romance and the Novel—The New York 'Tribune.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Future of the Bible: A Much Talked of Article—By Canon H. Hensley Henson, in the 'Contemporary Review.'
Defending the Bible—The New American Bible League—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Caves and Dene-Holes at Chislehurst—By M. H. H. Macartney, in the 'Scientific American,' New York.
Cotton Boll Weevil—The Ravages it has Caused—The New York 'Tribune.'
Science Notes.

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The Mission of Mary Rose.

(Mary Helm, in 'Children's Visitor.')

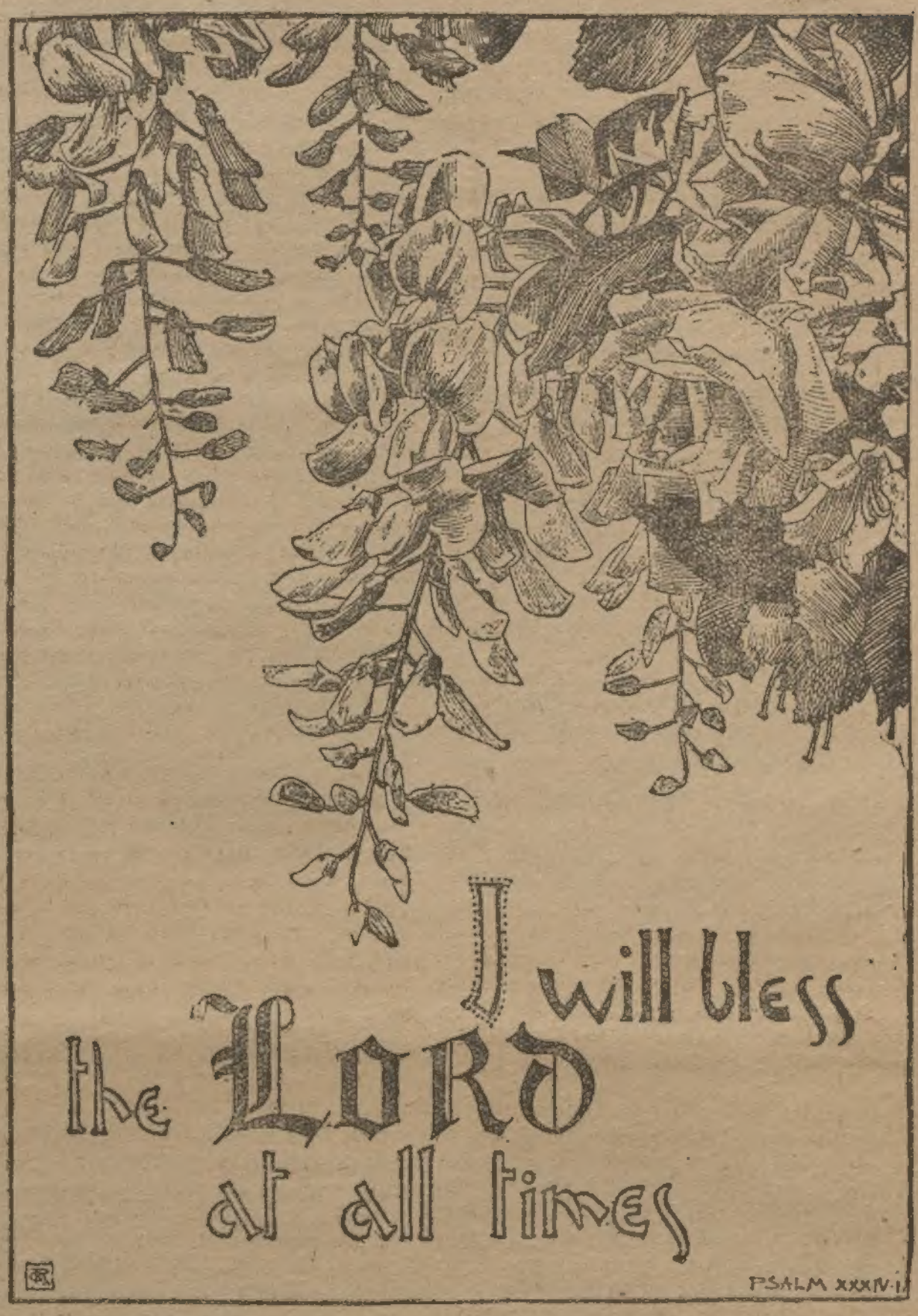
Miss Mary Rose spent the first part of her life in a beautiful nursery, where she was the pet and pride of a lovely little girl whose eyes were as blue as her own and whose hair was even more like spun gold. She was only a doll, but she had fine clothes of silk and muslin and lace and a dainty little bed whereon she was laid as regularly as little Margaret was put in her own snowy crib. They lived a luxurious life together, and it was such a pity that Mary Rose was not more conscious of it. But then if she had been it might have spoiled her for the life she was called to live afterwards.

One day Cousin Hilda came to see Margaret's mother. She was the sweetest cousin in the world, and told lovely stories; so Margaret came in and sat by her side and listened. She seemed to be telling mamma a story.

'Oh, it was a dreadful place—the worst I ever saw! The rooms were small and dirty, and so crowded I don't see how the people found any room to sleep. And such a number of children! I felt like crying over the poor little ragged, dirty, forlorn things. I left Mrs. Downs to talk to the mothers, and I called the children around me in the hall and tried to talk to them; but they all looked at me so stupidly. I asked one little girl if she had a doll. She looked at me without a word; then said with a jerk: "I hain't never touched one in my life!" I found not one of the dozen around me owned a doll—except one, who just showed me a stick wrapped up in a rag, which aroused the envy of all the others. It did seem pitiful!'

Margaret's blue eyes opened very wide with pity over such a woeful tale. 'Cousin Hilda, did you say she had never touched a doll? If you think she would like to hold my Mary Rose for a little while I will lend her to her.'

Both of the ladies looked at the eager face of the child as if they did not know what to say. Then a thought flashed through Hilda's mind, and she looked a question to Mrs. Young, who said: 'If Margaret wants you to take the doll, do so. She will send Mary Rose on a mission of love.'



The next day Cousin Hilda carried Mary Rose on her first visit to 'Beggar's Alley,' and such an impression she made when held up before a dozen admiring eyes a dazzling vision! In a moment there were more than two dozen eyes, and the dirty little crowd pushed and shoved to get the nearest to the angelic creature.

'Children, listen,' said Hilda. 'A little girl sent this doll to see you, because I told her you did not have one. Which one of you said she had never touched a doll,'

''Twas Nan,' said a little girl; 'but I ain't never, neither.'

Nan was pushed forward.

'Now, Nan, I will let you hold Mary Rose first. But, oh, my! Look at your hands. They will soil her dress. Can't you wash them?'

Nan looked with surprise at her hands; then dashed off to the pump at the corner, and came back wiping them on her dirty frock. She grinned with delight as the doll was put into her hands, and gazed at its rosy face and lace dress with wondering eyes. Then she clasped it to her ragged breast and pressed kiss after kiss upon its unanswering lips.

'You may walk up and down the pavement with it for a while,' said Hilda, 'and then another little girl who has washed her hands may have it.'

Some of the children rushed for the pump, while the others all watched Nan and joined in the loud cackling laugh of delight that burst from her now and then.

Many little hands in various

stages of cleanliness clasped the doll and walked up and down, and I must confess that Mary Rose just stood it remarkably well. She just kept on smiling. When all had had a turn, Cousin Hilda carried her off with the promise: 'I will bring my Mary Rose to see you again next Saturday, and I want every one who wishes to hold her to have nice clean hands and faces when I come.'

Margaret was delighted that her pet had given the little alley children so much pleasure, and told Cousin Hilda she might take her as often as she liked.

On Saturday Hilda and Mary Rose were greeted with cheers when they came into the alley, and a number of clean hands were each stretched out to show they were 'jis' as clean!'

After Mary Rose had been passed around from one to the other, Miss Hilda told them a beautiful story, to which they listened wonderingly. Then she asked them if they would like to go with her to a pretty room and play.

'Would Mary Rose be there?'

'Yes.'

Then they would go. The mothers consented, and soon the whole gang passed timidly into a kindergarten, where there were other little children playing merrily. Clean aprons were put on them, and some young ladies sang and played on the piano, and taught them a strange new game. It was entrancing. And there was Mary Rose sweetly smiling over the good she had done. Thus her mission life began, and the kindergarten became her home, for Margaret's mother thought it better for her to be entirely given up to the children. It was a pity she could not know how much pleasure she gave Nan and the others to whom the best reward for cleanliness, politeness and good nature was to walk up and down with Mary Rose. She never lost her charm, though, as week after week of service went by, she grew delapidated. One foot, then the other disappeared, then an arm and her hair looked like her little mothers'; but still she smiled as she was cuddled close to the little hearts that she made happy and taught to love.

And Margaret in her beautiful nursery was happier for the happiness she had helped to give to some others.

The Little Loaf.

In the time of the famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them: 'There stands a basketful of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times.'

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest; and they finally went off without a word of thanks.

Only Franziska, a clean but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, then took the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man and went quietly and becomingly home.

The next day the children were equally ill-mannered, and Franziska this time had a loaf which was scarcely half as large as the others; but when she reached home and her mother broke the bread, there fell out quite a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened, and said: 'Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident.'

Franziska did as she was bid, but the benevolent man said to her:—'No, no; it was not an accident. I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied.'

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.—'Reformed Messenger.'

He is Looking for You.

'Hallo, little stranger! What is the matter?'

The rough-looking waggoner, softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

'I am lost! I can't find my father,' sobbed the child.

'Is he a big man with long, white beard?'

'Yes; that's my father.'

'It's all right, then, because he's looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him, he'll find you.'

And the child dried his tears, and sprang into the road again, for, if his father were looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after a while.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ, take courage, for he is looking for you, too, and if you only persevere you are sure to meet him in the way, and to hear his gracious voice saying: 'Come unto me.'—'The Spectator,' Melbourne.

The Little Cricket.

What are you saying,
  You dear little cricket,
Chirping so shrill
  In the dark-green thicket?
Piping and singing
  The whole night through,
Don't you get tired
  And wet with the dew?

I will try to be like you,
  You dear little cricket,
Chirping away
  In the dark-green thicket.
Whatever God bids me
  I'll do with my might,
Though it's only the singing
  A song in the night.

—'Picture World.'

'Keeps' for the Children.

These 'keep texts' are all in the Bible. Find them and learn them, and so make them yours.

'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

'Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.'

'Keep thee far from a false matter.'

'He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.'

'Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.'

'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'

'My son, keep thy father's commandments.'

'My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 22.

Jesus Teaches Humility.

Mark x., 35-45.

Golden Text.

For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Mark x., 45.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 16.—Mark x., 32-45.
Tuesday, May 17.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.
Wednesday, May 18.—Luke xiv., 7-14.
Thursday, May 19.—Col. iii., 1-17.
Friday, May 20.—Phil. ii., 1-16.
Saturday, May 21.—Is. lvii., 13-21.
Sunday, May 22.—Ps. xxxiv., 1-8, 18-22.

35. And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come unto him, saying, Master, we would that thou shouldest do for us whatsoever we shall desire.

36. And he said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you?

37. They said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.

38. But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask; can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?

39. And they said unto him, We can. And Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized shall ye be baptized.

40. But to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give; but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared.

41. And when the ten heard it they began to be much displeased with James and John.

42. But Jesus called them to him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them.

43. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister:

44. And whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be servant of all.

45. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Several weeks intervened between the time of the last lesson and that of to-day, weeks in which Jesus was not idle, but was continuing the closing work of his ministry. He crossed the Jordan from Perea during this period, and, going to Bethany, raised Lazarus from the dead. Later he crossed again into Perea, where we find him in this lesson, journeying toward Jerusalem.

The intervening history, connecting the lesson of May 15 with this one, may be traced in these passages: Luke xvi., 17; 10; John xi., Luke xvii. and xviii; Matthew xix., 1-20. 19.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 35, 36. 'James and John, the sons of Zebedee.' The disciples are represented by Mark as speaking for themselves, but in Matthew we learn that their mother also shared in their petition. She was Salome, and it is believed that she was a sister of Mary, the mother of Christ.

If this were true, then we can see a special reason for the request of these two disciples. They were, in that case, the cousins of Christ, and would no doubt reflect that, when the Lord came into his Kingdom, he would be more apt to favor his kinsmen than others. Their method of asking the question might indicate that they wished to have Christ commit himself to a favorable answer, before the request were made known.

37. 'One on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.' Plainly these two brothers believed in the divinity and coming glory of Christ. This much we must give them credit for. But they asked for the chief seats of honor. With all their faith, they had selfish motives.

We are perhaps more easily deceived by our motives than anything else. Selfishness is often back of what we fondly regard as some generous action on our part. Men seek for high positions in church or state, because they have persuaded themselves that they are able to fill high offices with special benefit to the institution, when often, back of it all, is self-seeking.

38, 39. 'Ye know not what ye ask.' They had not caught any idea of the honor they asked, nor had they any conception of their own unworthiness. Then, as we see in verse 40, they did not even know that the granting of their request did not belong to Christ.

He asks if they are able to drink of his cup, and the eager disciples at once declare that they are. With eyes upon the coveted seats in glory, they were quick to declare their ability to do anything, to pay any price, for the privilege sought.

'Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of.' James, as we learn in Acts xii., was the first of the twelve Apostles to suffer martyrdom, while John, suffered persecution and banishment. They indeed showed that they could drink of the cup of suffering. Though grasping at honors for themselves, they had, on the other hand, true faith and constancy.

40. 'But to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give.' The answer of Christ may have been disappointing to his two disciples, but it is full of comfort for us. Favoritism, respect of persons, caprice, impulse, have no part in the bestowment of the good things of the Father. There is a definite purpose, order and justice in the rewards which God shall bestow upon his faithful servants.

41, 42. 'Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercice lordship over them.' The Revised Version says, 'Lord it over them,' which seems more correctly to express the idea in Christ's mind. He was calling attention to the customs of the pagan races about them, where position led to self-gratification and tyranny, with corresponding jealousy and ill-will upon he part of subordinates. Already, the request of James and John had led to the displeasure of the other ten. Verse 41. Christ now proceeds to show the difference in the ambitions and motives required for success in his service.

43-45. 'But whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister.' Emphasize the pronoun 'you,' and the contrast between verses 42 and 43 comes out with great clearness. Greatness was not to be denied to the disciples, nor ambition quenched; but a sublime sort of greatness, and a holy ambition were to be substituted for the glories for which men contended.

There are two ways of being great, and two different motives for desiring greatness. For example, a student may labor with utmost exertion to master mathematics; so that he may win a prize and glory in the thought that none in his class can equal his learning in this directions. Or, he may strive with equal pains, because he enjoys this science, and longs continually to perfect himself in it, without regard to his standing with reference to his fellows.

The man or woman who would be a great Christian must belong to the last given type of workers; they must be of the kind who labor for the love of their Master, because of their delight to see men brought to him. They will long to develop spiritually, and will not take into account the rewards men may have for them.

In the closing verse Christ mentions his own example. He, the son of God, the sinless One, came not for honor from men, to have them minister to him, but to minister to them, and to give himself to suffer for them.

The lesson for May 29 is, 'The Passover,' Matthew xxvi., 17-30.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 22.—Topic—False and true ambitions. Matt. xx., 20-28.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CONCERNING BOYS.

Monday, May 16.—A boy in God's house. I. Samuel ii., 18.

Tuesday, May 17.—A boy raised to life. I. Kings xvii., 17-23.

Wednesday, May 18.—A boy in God's care. Ex. ii., 1-10.

Thursday, May 19.—A boy hidden away. II. Chron. xxii., 10-12.

Friday, May 20.—A boy who knew his Bible. II. Tim. iii., 15.

Saturday, May 21.—A boy with loaves and fishes. John vi., 5-12.

Sunday, May 22.—Topic—How God heard the voice of a boy. Gen. xxi., 8-20.

The Home Department of the Sunday School.

What it is.—It is that department of the Sunday-school whose purpose is to secure systematic study of the Bible, by those who for any reason do not attend the sessions of the Sunday-school.

The Superintendent should be an earnest and intelligent believer in the work, consecrated to the service of Christ, have more than average executive ability, able to exercise tact in selecting visitors and assigning scholars, in full sympathy with the Sunday-school work in general and willing to co-operate with the other officers of the school in order to get the largest and best results.

Visitors are not expected to teach the lesson or hear recitations. The minimum requirement is to organize a class and visit the members every three months, take up their reports, and supply them with lesson helps and blank reports for the next quarter.

The first step in the work of the home department, after organization, is to ascertain who in the community do not attend the main school. This should be done by a canvass by which every person in the parish or town who is not a Sunday-school attendant shall be solicited to join a home class or to attend the main school. Incidentally this canvass can touch upon the matter of Church attendance where the way seems open; though care should be taken not to offend.

The enrollment of members should be followed by 'regular visitation' and supervision to provide them with lesson helps and report blanks, and to receive reports and offerings. These calls should be made by the visitors immediately after the last Sunday in each quarter. The reports, when received, should be carefully scanned by the visitor with reference to seeing whether the work has been faithfully performed, and whether the Church attendance has been regular. If there has been any falling off in either particular the visitor should ascertain the occasion—whether by sickness, absence or lack of interest.

The visitors should not confine themselves to routine duties, but should do 'personal Christian work' with each member, as opportunity offers, visiting each one as often as may be necessary to accomplish the desired results.—'Living Epistle.'

Study the Word.

In a teacher's life nothing can take the place of intimate and frequent communion with the Word. Too many of us are in touch with it as we are in touch with some recent books—through the reviews and opinions that we have seen published.

All correct helps to the study of the Word are useful, for 'reflected light is better than darkness, but moonlight, though beautiful, is not sufficient for the full development of plant and animal.' How much of our spiritual lives are spent in scripture houses built by other men, and too often built out of the treacherous materials of tradition. Just ask at a general gathering of teachers, 'How many wise men came from the east to see the infant Jesus?' and note how many unhesitatingly answer 'three.' Yet the Word does not tell us so, and some of us believe that there were nearer three hundred or three thousand than three.—Prof. Dager.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Cigarette Smoking.

Both the medical and lay press have again taken up the subject of cigarette smoking among young and growing boys, and it is none too soon that strenuous efforts should be made towards a great restriction, if not absolute prohibition, of such a baneful habit. The harm being done is not at once noticeable, and therein perhaps lies one of its greatest dangers, for we may at least believe that when a boy or young man feels that any particular luxury causes him immediate suffering, there is little fear of his persisting in its indulgence. But cigarette smoking, even its worst form—inhaling—does not appear to cause any perceptible discomfort, beyond perhaps a dry throat, a blistered tongue, or a little shakiness in the nerves. The harm is there, however, and is more deeply seated: the carbon monoxide, a very poisonous gas, is slowly displacing the oxygen in the blood, and altering its constituents; and the lowered vitality affects all the organs of the body. It is time that parents should realize their responsibilities in the need for more intimate and personal guidance of the lives of their boys, as well as in the enforcement, either by love and kindly interest, or, if necessary, by wholesome fear, of firm home discipline. The most of boys are not so stupid and perverse as to continue habits (in many cases only just begun) which, by calmly reasoning with them, can be shown to be at the root of infinite evils. Not only on account of its hurtful effects on the system, but also because of its early cultivation of wasteful and extravagant habits, the practice should be 'nipped in the bud' by parents who value the future well-being of their sons.—'Temperance League.'

A correspondent of the 'Medical Temperance Review' writing from the West Coast of Africa gives the following alcohol list of a lieutenant of the S.N. Regiment who for over two months never felt well in the morning:—From 12 to 15 'cocktails' per day, a whiskey and soda now and then, a bottle of stout, beer or burgundy to each meal, and two or three liqueurs after his dinner. He was a 'Moderate' drinker, so he said, by which he meant that he was never drunk, but he was of course really never sober. 'He would not believe what I told him about alcohol, and refused to make an alteration in that way, even for experiment,' says Dr. Ridge's correspondent. Another correspondent, a ship's surgeon on a well-known steamship line, says: 'I regret to state that nearly all the medical men on the various lines of whom I have heard, have been in the habit of indulging too much in alcoholic refreshments. In fact, —— & Co. have for some time, found it better to bring over Canadians for their ships.' After this who can say that the temperance propaganda in the medical profession is unnecessary?

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

What Nellie Did.

Nellie had learned what candy prepared by wicked men could do, and when by accident she discovered some in a drug store, she told the druggist she would not buy anything more of him. The druggist thought this amusing; he pretended to be sorry, and at last said that he would have to depend on his other customers.

Nellie looked at him very hard, for a bright idea had come to her. She asked very demurely: 'Will you give me a sheet of paper, please?'

'Oh, yes,' said the druggist, and handed over one of his business sheets. And so on the druggist's own stationery, leaning on his own counter, Nellie wrote these lines:

'I promise not to buy anything in Mr. Blank's drug store as long as he sells brandy drops.' Then she slipped into the street and went to work. The druggist had not noticed what she wrote and he did not know that Nellie was working to overthrow his business.

Many men laughed loudly at the few words and signed the petition, or declaration, to show their appreciation of the joke. But many a person signed his name with an angry spark in his eye or a look of shame at his own indifference while a child worked, or a tear as he looked into her innocent face.

By noon she had one hundred signatures, and a very astounded druggist received back his donated page of paper. He read the names twice, at first with a flush of anger. But, looking at the child's weary face, he thought of her brave heart and steadfast purpose.

'Well done, Nellie! If the Loyal Temperance League turns out many more such girls as you I'll join it myself.'

'And you won't sell the brandy drops?'

'No, indeed! I can get along without your trade, but I need the other ninety-nine, Nellie, and that's a fact.'

That Nellie stopped the sale of the candy is really a small part of her victory. She set a hundred people—yes, more, for some refused to sign—to thinking. She showed them what even a little child could do when earnestness, love for a purpose, faith and determination, joined and worked together.—American Paper.

A Teetotal Bishop's 'Remarkable Statement.'

The late Archbishop of Canterbury used to be fond of relating a joke which a Devonian sub-editor once played upon him while he was Bishop of Exeter.

Dr. Temple, on one occasion, had gone a little way out of Exeter to speak at an agricultural gathering. While enjoying his well-earned rest on his return, the Bishop was roused by hearing a boy outside the Palace shouting—'Remarkable statement by the Bishop of Exeter!'

His lordship sent and purchased a copy of the news-sheet, which contained the address he delivered earlier in the day. On looking through this Dr. Temple was certainly surprised, and admittedly amused, to find that over his remark—joocosely made, of course—that he had never been drunk in his life,' the evening journal 'sub' had put the heading—'Remarkable Statement by the Bishop of Exeter!'—The 'League Journal.'

'The statement is frequently made that there is no harm in moderate drinking, and that a Christian may indulge to a certain extent without any detriment to his spirituality. We deny the assumption; it is utterly false. No Christian can live in communion with God, and attain to a high standard of piety, who habitually indulges in strong drink, however moderately. It blunts a man's moral perceptions, impairs his moral convictions, destroys sensitiveness of conscience, and all the finer sentiments of his better nature, drives all desire for holiness out of his heart, and expels from the soul that hungering and thirsting after righteousness which is ever the characteristic of the earnest and aspiring Christian. Besides, it neutralizes a Christian's influence for good. No one has any confidence in the religion of the drinking Christian (?). But more than that, the example of the moderate drinker is more pernicious than that of the confirmed drunkard who reels along the street and falls into the gutter. It is not the example of the sot, but the example of the moderate drinker—often a church member—that encourages boys and young men to drink. The professing Christian who indulges in moderate drinking is a stumbling-block, over which young men will stumble, and at last fall into a drunkard's grave.'—'National Advocate.'

Intemperance Cause of Cancer

An inquiry by Dr. Alfred Wolff into the mysterious cause of cancer has yielded an unexpected conclusion which promises to temperance advocates a new and powerful argument. Taking the widest possible survey of cancer areas throughout Europe and in the United States, Dr. Wolff discovers that all the districts of high cancer mortality are districts in which beer or cider is largely drunk. Bavaria, for instance, heads the list in Germany, and Salsburg in Austria—both great beer-drinking provinces. In France the statistics are still more striking. There is the most marked contrast between the high cancer mortality in beer-drinking departments and the low death-rate from cancer elsewhere. The increase in cancer in England during recent years, Dr. Wolff thinks, has probably a direct relation to the increased consumption of beer. What it is in beer that conveys cancer infection is not clear; that is a matter for further investigation. Another conclusion to which all the figures point is that cancer is common in thickly wooded districts abounding in water. Dr. Wolff's researches show the strongest evidence that cancer is contagious, and that habits and environment have much more to do with the disease than race or heredity.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

There is a great temperance lesson in these words by Mr. Frank Fayant in the 'Review of Reviews': 'The American workingman in England is amazed by the large amount of drinking done by the English worker. Two months' wages of the average English worker's yearly income goes to the "public house." In no country in the world is there so much drunkenness among the common people. That this abnormal indulgence in drink is a serious tax on industry is undoubted. English manufacturers whom I have met all tell me that, could they keep their workmen sober, there would be less to fear from American competition.'

The French Government and Drink.

In many practical ways of late, the French Administration has given evidence of a desire to intensify the war against alcohol. The most striking step, however, has been that of posting a placard, within the last week or two, upon the doors of the mayoralties, police stations, and other public buildings, drawing attention to the degeneration of the working-classes through drinking habits; and exposing a number of popular fallacies as to alcohol being of service, and indicating the traffic as the prolific cause of poverty, crime, and a host of grave diseases in their worst form. Naturally 'the trade' is up in arms to defend their money-making, soul-destroying business; but, happily, the French Government disregards unholy vested interests, if opposed to the well-being of the people. Such an effort makes for righteousness. We need Christian statesmen bold enough, under the Divine influence, to grapple with the growing evil of the drink trade. The need is one to be laid before God in earnest daily prayer.—'Christian.'

Brandy, beer and betting,
Domestic care and fretting,
Will kill the strongest man alive.
But water, air and diet,
Domestic peace and quiet,
Will make the weakest man to thrive.
—Old Rhyme.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

MAY.

1.
Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Isa. lv., 6.

2.
Unto you that believe he is precious. I. Pet. ii., 7.

3.
God is able to make all grace abound toward you. II. Cor. ix., 8.
Alvira M. Hassan.

4.
Our God is able to deliver us. Dan. iii., 17.

5.
If God be for us who can be against us? Rom. viii., 31.

6.
All my ways are before thee.

7.
Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary. Ps. lxxvii., 13.
Ellen M. Ferguson.

8.
Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. Ps. xc., 17.
Annie D. A., Leonard R. Scott.

9.
Always abounding in the work of the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.
Agnes M. McGirr.

10.
Many shall compass him about. Ps. xxxii., 10

11.
He leadeth me beside the still waters. Ps. xxiii., 2.
Alfred Merle Bouker.

12.
Walk worthy of the Lord. Col. I., 10.
Elizabeth McGirr. Mary Laura.

13.
The trying of your faith worketh patience. Jas. i., 3.
Hazel E. Gilchrist.

14.
Ye serve the Lord Christ. Col. iii., 24.

15.
Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another. Eph. iv., 32.
Jenson Bain. Clarence T.

16.
God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you. Eph. iv., 32.

17.
The Lord will be the hope of his people. Joel iii., 16.

18.
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercy. Ps. ciii., 4.

19.
Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God. Deut. xii., 18.

20.
Christ in you the hope of glory. Col. i., 27.

21.
Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Heb. xii., 14.

22.
In all things willing to live honestly. Heb. xiii., 18.

23.
Be ye doers of the word. Jas. i., 22.

24.
We are made partakers of Christ. Heb iii. 14
Annie May Nolan, Lillian I. McGee. Margaret E. L., M. Evelyn Turner, Alice B. Fenlayson.

25.
He is able to succour them that are tempted. Heb. ii., 18.

26.
Filled with wisdom of heart. Ex. xxxv., 35.

27.
The joy of the Lord is your strength. Neh. viii., 10.

28.
Whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God. I. Cor. x., 31.

29.
The Lord is his inheritance. Deut. x., 9.
J. Lee Boothe.

30.
I am with thee and will keep thee. Gen. xxviii., 15.

31.
The God of our fathers hath chosen thee. Acts xxii., 14.
May B. Hopkins, Vera L. Hopkins, Ella Lawson.

Will those who have birthdays in June kindly send in their names before May 20, if they wish them in our book.—Cor. Ed.

A few nice little poems have been sent in, some of which will appear later.—Cor. Ed.

Litchfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live quite near the Bay of Fundy. I like to go on the beach in the summer. I went to Boston on a visit last fall, and got an air rifle there. I have lots of fun shooting with it. I like to read the children's letters. I see most of the letters are written by the girls, so I thought I would write. We have had lots of snow this winter, and good coasting.
HANFORD B.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dear Editor,—Sherbrooke is a very pretty place in summer. There has been a wild duck in the river here for some time. I go to the High School. We have two rinks here, one is in connection with our school. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great number of books. We have a library at Sunday-school, and one at our day-school. At the day-school the girls and boys take turns in being librarian. I have been one of them for the last month. I have one brother and no sisters.
MARGUERITE G.

Litchfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old, my birthday was an Jan. 18. Mamma made me a birthday cake. I was with mamma on a visit to Boston last October, when the British soldiers were visiting there, and we saw them march to Trinity Church on Sunday. There was a great crowd of people to see them. I have a kitten whose name is 'Bright Eyes.' It is a great pet.
M. RUTHIE B.

Dalkeith.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. We have taken the 'Messenger' for nineteen years, and we all like it very much. We have a library in our school, and I have read some of the books. Among some of those which I have read are 'Elsie Yachting,' 'Uncle Max,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' and some few others. We live on a farm. There is a lot of snow this winter, and I have a good time sliding.
DONALD McL.

Airdrie, Alta.

Dear Editor,—Airdrie is not a very big place; it is twenty miles north of Calgary. It is a year since we left Ontario. I have not been to school since then. I expect to go to school on May 1. The carpenter is working at the school now. I am very fond of reading. I am now reading a book called 'Christian Life.'
LILLIE H. (aged 7).

Gladwin, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. My aunt in Brockville, Ont., sent it to me the first year, and I sent for it myself the second year. I have four sisters and two brothers. There is no Sunday-school here in the winter. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school in the summer. My grandmother and grandfather live in Prince Edward Co., Ont., and I have a great-grandmother in England, and a great-grandfather in Canada.
GERTRUDE A. L. (aged 11).

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for over three years. I do not think I could do without it now. Why don't all the girls tell their favorite flower; mine is the Lily of the Valley.' We had a snowstorm here on March 1. My father has an uncle over a hundred years old. I think it is a good plan to sign the Royal League of Kindness:

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
E. M.

Otterburne Settlement, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on the twenty-third of May. I have four brothers and sisters. I was born in Michigan. I came out to Manitoba with my parents about six years ago. I have two dogs. My eldest sister has two canary birds. One of them we brought from Michigan. He is thirteen years old.
GEORGE J. M.

Carr's Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like reading the stories very much; also the letters. For pets I have a little bantam hen and a rooster and two little kittens. Papa has a gasoline engine and a smasher to smash the grain with. He has smashed about eight hundred bushels of grain this winter.
GERTRUDE E.

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to write a letter to your paper, and hope it will be interesting enough to publish. We live in a small village situated on the Bay of Fundy. We have a number of story books. I am now reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I have a cousin in Connecticut, U.S.A., who has not been here for eight years, but she expects to come this summer; we all hope she will, too. I have missed two months of school on account of having the whooping cough. I wonder if Lillian E. Cunningham would please write to the 'Messenger' and let us know how old she is, if she is nine or ten.
LILLIAN I. McG.

Sisson Ridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live within sight of the Tobique River, about twenty-eight miles from Andover, the capital of Victoria County. I am a first cousin to Wm. C. J., who lives in Rosevale, but I do not inherit much of the powerful proportions of that Jonah. I have read a lot of books, some of which are: 'Under Drake's Flag, 'With Clive in India,' 'True to the Old Flag,' and 'Boy Slaves.' I like to read the stories in the 'Northern Messenger,' and I also enjoy reading the letters from the different parts of Canada. My birthday is on March 17.
HOWE F.

Raglan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not gone to school very regularly, as there has been so many blockades. My youngest sister is six months old, and my oldest is sixteen years old. I take special delight in the correspondence page, the 'Boys and Girls,' and the 'Little Folks.' This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I saw in the correspondence page that you were organizing a society called 'The Royal League of Kindness,' and I would like to join it. I live near the village of Raglan. It has been very cold here this winter, and there has been a great amount of snow. My favorite pastimes are reading and music. I have read quite a few books, such as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and some of the Pansy Books.
EMMA B.

North Bedeque.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the letters, and saw the names of those who joined the Royal League of Kindness, and would like my name added to the list. My little sister has the same birthday as Mary Etta S. I used to see letters from Maple Leaf Club members, but do not now. I am a member. I see Effie Thompson and Ruby Richards, our birthdays are the same day. I think the birthday book is very nice. With good wishes to the 'Messenger' and its readers, JENNIE R. L.

HOUSEHOLD.

Wasted Talents.

It is a fact that much talent goes to waste for lack of money to cultivate it. Occasionally the enterprising young woman devises a way out of the difficulty by giving her services in some other line of work in exchange for art or music lessons, but, as a rule, the majority of aspirants who lack the means give up in despair and regret for the rest of their lives that they didn't amount to something in the world.

Executive ability does not always go hand in hand with genius, but in these days of rush and competition it is necessary to cultivate a certain amount of order to cope with conditions. The country girl who is anxious to perfect herself in music or in art can, if she looks about her, discover numerous ways for obtaining the 'wherewithal.' To be sure, it goes without saying that the problem requires some concentration. It does not solve itself, nor do the ways and means spring up and present themselves for your consideration. They must be thought out and weighed in the balance of your taste and ability. The undertaking becomes easy in proportion to your enthusiasm and determination to reach the goal of your ambition.

The girl who lives on a farm, or who has a garden surrounding her house, has the choice of a variety of money-making occupations. For instance, there is poultry raising, which has been made very lucrative by other young women. Why not you? You say you have no taste for such an occupation. Then there is a violet or rose culture. Surely either of these is consistent with music or art. Violet raising has made a small fortune for others. Why should you not emulate them?

These are only a few of the many occupations that are possible to the country girl. Besides these are bread and cake making—if you live within easy distance of the city; bee-keeping, fruit preserving, dairying and many others, all more or less remunerative to the enterprising, industrial person.

For the young woman who is fortunate enough to have city friends, half the battle is won. The city girl has a greater variety of occupations to choose from. If she have a few accomplishments the field of visiting or resident companion is always open to her, as are also those of teaching, sewing, manicuring, massage and many others too numerous to mention.

The girl who is not clever enough, or at least willing to exert herself to obtain the means of furthering her interest, does not love her art or music enough to become perfect in it if she had the money.

There are really many things to do and there are facilities for doing them that are waiting to be discovered.—Isabel W. Nichols, in the 'American Queen.'

In Behalf of the Dishcloth.

There's one thing that always distresses me, and that is, to hear anyone speak of a 'dish rag.' In the first place, it has a disrespectful tone, which is not just to anything holding so important a position in the household.

It's a dishcloth. From the time it enters the kitchen in such a capacity, its life is spent in one continuous effort of usefulness. No matter how it is treated it keeps right on trying to have a purifying influence over everything it may touch.

And it is shamefully neglected, sometimes, and left all soiled and wet in some corner, and then when some unwholesome life takes possession of it, and bad odors, and perhaps illness result, it gets all the blame is thrown away and followed by another unfortunate.

Yet nothing in the kitchen responds more heartily to our good wishes than this little article, and why shouldn't we show it at least enough appreciation to keep it 'in condition,' and when its days of serving are at an end, cremate it?

It's an admirable idea to have several dishcloths, and allow them the privilege of joining the weekly wash, and so keeping sweet and clean in a little pile beside the dish towels.

The regulation dishcloth need not be used to scour the pots and pans with; have a little one eight or nine inches square of real heavy cloth for that purpose, and let it be benefited with a weekly washing also.

I like to begin the dishwashing with boiling hot water, so of course I use a dish mop until the water cools sufficiently to employ the dishcloth, which is usually when the big dishes are reached. By the way, of course in using such extremely hot water the dishes must be wiped as soon as they are taken from it, so the soap won't dry on them.

Notwithstanding all my regard for the dishcloth, I frankly confess I have not settled upon the best material from which to make it and I do wish someone would suggest something, and tell why it may be superior.—Exchange.

The Economical Woman.

'Economical? Oh, yes, a woman is economical—very,' grumbled the ill-natured benedict.

'She cuts herself down to a miserly luncheon in order to save ten cents; and half an hour later spends fifty cents on a collar she doesn't need because "it's so cheap for the price."

'She walks ten blocks to save five cents and then is so tired and hot that she spends ten cents for a plate of ice cream.

'She says she wouldn't think of getting a new hat this year because she got one last year, but she pays one and a half times the price of a new one to have her old one fetched up to date.

'She darns and darns and redarns her stockings with self-righteous thrift, and pays fifty cents for a pair of fancy shoestrings.

'She haggles year in and year out with a dull old scissors that would set a man cussing, and never sees the economy of having them sharpened or occasionally investing in a new pair.

'She hoards up all the old rusty, bent nails and bits of knotted string, and brings them out upon occasion to induce pounded fingers and profane thoughts, when five cents, five little cents, would buy a whole ball of strong twine or a whole pound of shining nails that would go in straight without making a man perjure his soul.

'Oh, yes, a woman is economical—very! But I don't like her economical.'—'Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.'

Selected Recipes.

Asparagus should be cooked tied up in bunches and stood upright in the water.

Vegetables for salads should be well cooked in salted water and then chilled thoroughly before using.

Never allow cake to brown until it rises to its full height, which ought to be about double its bulk. If it begins to brown while rising, either cool off the oven or put a sheet of paper over the top of it.

To keep sausage for summer use when one lives in the country and cannot always get fresh meat, mold into cakes, fry and place the cakes in tin pans. Melt fresh lard or the frying from the sausage and pour over them to exclude air.

The Woman on the Farm.

Womankind may be divided into two classes; those who live in towns or cities, and those who live in the country. Each class has its own peculiar advantages, though at first sight it may seem as though the former possess the greater number. A closer thought, however, will show that the woman on the farm can lead an equally happy life if she will make use of the advantages within her reach. But therein lies the trouble. The average farmer's wife does not accept the chances for increasing her happiness. One by one she lets them slip past, intent on her many duties. She certainly has to work very hard, doing very often tasks which are beyond her strength; and doing them, too, in such an uncomplaining way that seldom is her labor appreciated at its real worth. In this way she makes the mistake of thinking that for her life means simply long periods for work and shorter ones for rest. Day after day brings the same monotonous routine and gradually life narrows down to a circle of never-ending duties, with little pleasure or recreation, not a pleasant prospect, and yet a true one in many cases.

But all this can be changed by means of common sense and determination. Life was never intended to be spent by any one wholly in toiling. Happiness can be had for the seeking; and very necessary is it for the farmer's wife to seek earnestly for it. She must remember that work is not the only duty. There are others equally important requiring her attention, and among them comes first the enjoyment of as many pleasures as she can obtain; and they can be found in the country as well as in the town. There are various ways by which the woman on the farm can make her life more joyous. One is by taking good care of her health and saving herself as much as possible. This is her first duty to her husband and children, and in accomplishing it she needs all the help she can get. There is no reason why there should not be in many farmhouses, where circumstances allow it, modern inventions and labor-saving devices which would materially lighten the housework. The practical farmer prides himself on keeping up with the times in the implements he uses. Then why should not his wife do the same, and thus lengthen her life by years? Let her see to it, then, that attention is persistently called to this matter, until the desired results are secured.

Lastly, there is the virtue of hospitality, which can be practiced on the farm in winter as well as in summer. Why not plan an occasional social gathering, invite a few of the neighboring women over to tea, and have a pleasant time together? Only extra work, perhaps, you think, and what good would it do? Ah, much; try the experiment yourself and see.

Like everyone else, however, the woman on the farm must early decide for herself what things in life are really worth living for. She must choose between the trivial and the important, and aim at beautiful simplicity in everything. Many pressing duties may be near at hand, but, taking them in the best way, she will soon realize that they are not the main ends to keep in view, but are only steps in making a happy, cheerful home. For, after all, it is not so much the place where we live, be it town or country; not so much how large or how small the income may be, as it is the cultivation of a sunny disposition, a hopeful spirit, which seeks and finds joy everywhere. And in these and in many other blessings the woman on the farm may freely and constantly share, if she will but make an effort to gain and give the best rewards of life—joy and happiness—'Farmers' Advocate.'

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Canada.—Nos. 86,677, John J. Shannon, Montreal, Que., improvements in can making; 86,691, John O. Lalonde, Montreal, Que., spring hinge; 86,696, Arthur Guindon, Montreal, Que., rotary engine; 86,715, John Robert Skinner, Christchurch, New Zealand, cushion heels for boots, shoes and the like; 86,747, Dolphis Hogue, Montreal, Que., sofa; 86,779, Joseph Savelsburg, Papenburg, Germany, extracting of the heavy metals by the use of chlorine.

United States.—Nos. 758,053, Joseph A. Desmarteau, Granby, Que., valve; 758,093, James C. McDougall, Virden, Man., grain shocking aptachment for binders; 758,410, Robert Burnside, Montreal, Que., packing cups.

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(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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hundreds of them, have taken advantage of this offer **and been satisfied,** and told us so in a substantial way, else we could not repeat the offer, as we now do and have been doing in this paper for months. **You will be satisfied,** but you must make up your mind to take the **first step** along the right path—**send for the V.-O.!** Weigh carefully our special offer to subscribers and readers of this paper. **You are to be the judge!**

Read Our Special Offer.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of **"THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,"** or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility,** as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescriptions which it is possible to procure.

Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of **"THE NORTHERN MESSENGER"** if you will give it a trial. **Send for a $1 package at our risk.** You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge!** Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention **"THE NORTHERN MESSENGER,"** so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

Address

THEO. NOEL, Geologist,

N. M. DEPT.,
Yonge & Temperance Sts.,

TORONTO.

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

The Experience of a Portage Lady Who Was Given Up to Die.

A Remarkable Recovery and a Signal Triumph For a Well-known Remedy.

It is never a pleasant prospect to have death staring you in the face, and to have doctors tell you that you are so far gone with disease as to be beyond the reach of medicine. The words of one who has been through this experience must prove interesting reading to suffering humanity and be at once a pleasure and a profit.

Miss Bella Galbraith is a young lady who is well known in town, having lived here for a number of years. A NEWS representative, having heard of her wonderful recovery to health, visited her and obtained her story, which we will give in her own words. She said:

I have been sick for nine years, and been attended by fourteen doctors, for over a dozen different diseases. Different doctors called my ailments by different names—**Indigestion, Liver Trouble, Catarrh of the Stomach, Spinal Trouble and Rheumatism** were some of the diseases. I had my stomach pumped out 150 times. I was hung up with pulleys, and put in a plaster cast, for spinal trouble, and remained in the plaster for six months, at the end of which time I was no better than at first. I wore a wide leather belt to support the spine for three years. During this time I was attacked by erysipelas of the bone in the wrist. The hand was lanced twenty-seven times in six places.

Three years ago I was attacked by **tuberculosis** which started in the foot. I was sent to the hospital in Winnipeg and the doctors there wanted to cut off the foot. It was all that could be done, they said, and even that would not prevent the disease from developing in some other part of the body, and that it would start every spring in a new place, until the disease killed me, as they said it was impossible to cure it. Medical skill might in the future learn to deal with it, but at present no doctor could do anything with it. They put the foot in a plaster cast but had to remove it on account of the foot swelling.

I was sent home as incurable. On arriving home a doctor had the foot put in a cast, which was renewed every three months for about the space of nine months.

I had to keep my foot upon a chair in a horizontal position for a space of two years and eight months.

Two years ago, after having failed to obtain relief from the sufferings and been given up by the doctors as incurable, I had my attention drawn to Vitæ-Ore, which had been making some wonderful cures. I did not have much faith in its power to help me, but determined to try it.

After taking **Vitæ-Ore** for about a month the foot broke out in a rash, which healed up again in five days and then broke out again, and continued for a few months in this way until it broke every day all over the foot and green matter broke from it. During the time I was taking Vitæ-Ore **my general health began to improve. The stomach** became strong and my **appetite returned.** The spine became so strong that I could go without the belt, and have not worn it since. Last July I began to walk with the aid of crutches, and in October I was able to take a few steps alone. To-day I am able to walk with a cane and my health in general is good, in fact I **feel better than I have ever been in nine years.** The foot has healed up and there is not a scar on it. **I owe my life to Vitæ-Ore** and its Preparations and will gladly testify to its merits. Any one who would like information further than is here given can write to me and I will be pleased to tell them how I used it and what it has done for me.—[From the 'News' and 'Portage La Prairie Review,' Portage La Prairie, Manitoba.]

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

Excerpt from 'The Edinburgh Gazette,' January, 1904.

NOTICE.

The firm of THE BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY, carrying on business as Manufacturers of School, Hall and Church Furniture, &c., in Glasgow, Scotland, in London, England, and in London, Ont., Canada, was DISSOLVED as at 31st December last, by the expiration of the contract between the Subscribers, the whole partners thereof.

The Subscribers, Charles Bennet, Robert Whyte Bennet and George Bennet, will carry on the business as formerly under the name of THE BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY, and will discharge all debts due by, and collect all debts due to, the Firm.

The Subscriber, James Dick Bennet, will carry on business at Brook Street, Mile-end, Glasgow, in his own name and for his own behoof.

C. BENNET,
R. W. BENNET,
GEORGE BENNET.

HUGH REID BUCHANAN, Law Clerk, 142 West George Street, Glasgow.

JOS. D. CAMPBELL, of 142 West George Street, Glasgow, Writer.

Witnesses to the signatures of Charles Bennet, Robert Whyte Bennet and George Bennet,
J. D. BENNET.

DANIEL HILL, of 138 West Regent Street, Glasgow, Writer,

Witness to the signature of J. D. Bennet.

ROBERT TENNENT, of 138 West Regent Street, Glasgow, Writer,

Witness to the signature of J. D. Bennet.

THE BABY'S OWN SOAP

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

SPLENDID BASEBALL OUTFIT and MAGIC LANTERN FREE.

All you have to do is to sell only 14 of our new GOLD PERFUMED CHATELAINE LOCKETS at 15c each. They sell as fast as you can hand them out. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Filigree Chatelaine Locket enclosing a Medallion of Oriental Arabian Perfume, the most fragrant and lasting Perfume in the World. They look so beautiful and smell so sweet that EVERYBODY BUYS. With each one we give a certificate worth 50c free. When sold return the money and we will give you a splendid Spalding Outfit, worth $2.50 in any Store. It consists of a varnished bat, double stitched Baseball, full-size heavy Wire Mask, Baseball Cap, and finely made Catcher's Glove. An EXTRA PRIZE FREE. If you write for the Lockets at once and sell them and return the money within 10 days after you receive them we will give you free as a special prize for promptness, a fine Magic Lantern, well made, with extra quality lenses, good lamp and a large collection of beautifully colored pictures. Answer this advertisement and you will be well treated. The Publishers of this paper will tell you that we always do exactly as we say. THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 472, Toronto.

BLOTTERS FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

We want to distribute samples of our new Blotters, the best made, through all the schools in Canada, and we are willing to reward Boys and Girls liberally for doing it. Send us your name and address on a post card, what grade you are in at school, and the number of scholars in your room and we will forward the required number, also full particulars of the handsome reward.

Remember, all you have to do is to give one of our new Blotters to each of the scholars in your room. You don't have to send us one cent. You don't have to do any work. Don't miss this chance but answer at once before some one gets ahead of you, as we just want one scholar from every room. Address, THE ROYAL ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO., Dept. B.N., Toronto, Canada.

BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. A Certificate worth 50c. free with each Picture.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 455, Toronto.

Boys! Earn a Big STEAM ENGINE and a 14k GOLD WATCH in a Few Minutes

by selling only 10 of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Gold Lockets at 15c. each. You can easily do it in a few minutes. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Filigree Locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. They look so beautiful and smell so nice that everybody buys. With each Locket we give a certificate worth 50c. free. When sold, return the money, and we will send you free this elegant watch that cannot be told from a $25.00 solid Gold one. It has a heavy Gold laid beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. We will also give a real big powerful steam engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, Russian Iron Runner compartment, etc., etc., free, as an extra Present for promptness, in addition to the Gold Watch. This is a grand chance. Don't waste your time and money answering advertisements of unreliable firms who do not carry out their promises. Write to us and you will be treated right. THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 478, TORONTO.

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, 16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for only 15c., and give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one, return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this beautiful little Lady's Watch with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you free in addition to the watch a handsome gold finished ring set with a large, magnificent Fire Opal that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 434 Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a Post Card to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Chaverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 479, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished Double Hunting Case Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a post card to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 416 Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys. Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a post card to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a dandy and I am very much pleased with it." THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.

GIRLS! This beatiful DIAMOND RING, SILVER BRACELET and GOLD WATCH, FREE

Don't send us one cent. Just your name and address, and we will mail you, postpaid, 7 of our new Gold Perfumed Chatelaine Lockets to sell at 15c. each. They are the loveliest Lockets you ever saw and the fastest sellers. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold filigree Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Arabian Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and lasting perfume in the world. With each one we give a Certificate Free. When sold, return the money, and we will give you a beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14k. Gold, set with one very large magnificent Austrian Diamond, full of color and fire, that can hardly be told from a real Diamond even by an expert, and if you write for the Lockets at once, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you a Special Promptness Prize of a handsome Solid Silver composition, full size, Curb Chain Bracelet, with handsomely engraved Padlock and Key, also an opportunity to get a handsome Gold-finished Double Hunting Case Watch, elegantly engraved, Lady's or Gent's size, Free, as an Extra Prize. Remember, you only have to sell seven Lockets. Don't miss such a grand chance but write us at once. The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 467, Toronto

BOY'S WATCH and PRINTING OUTFIT FREE.

All you have to do is to sell 1 doz. of our New GOLD PERFUMED CHATELAINE LOCKETS, at 15c each. They are the loveliest Lockets and fastest sellers you ever saw. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Figure Locket, containing a Medallion of Oriental Arabian Perfume, odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and lasting Perfume in the world. With each one we give a certificate worth 50c free. When sold, return the money and we will send you this handsome Boy's Watch, with Polished Silver Nickel Case, the latest fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind imported works. WITH CARE IT WILL LAST 10 YEARS. AN EXTRA PRIZE FREE. If you write us at once for the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within 10 days after you receive them, we will give you a Boy's Complete Printing Outfit, consisting of 4 font of type, a big bottle of indelible ink, type tweezers, type holder, etc., and full directions for doing all kinds of printing. ALL FREE as a special prize for promptness. Every Boy should take advantage of this chance. Address THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 472, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

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